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BALLADS OF THE WAR



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Hon. Canon of Carlisle

With a Prefatory Note

BY

A. Conan Doyle



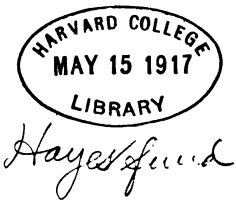
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1901

LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.

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First Edition, March, 1900.
Second Edition (*with additions and Illustrations*), *February*, 1901.

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ERRATA.

Page 89, line 2—

For camly *read* calmly.

Page 143, line 4—

For bloom *read* gleam.

Page 154, line 7—

For in march *read* in March.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IT is a good work to preserve some of the heroic memories of South Africa, and so to renew the noble traditions of our race. We must not always trade upon the glories of the past. These little songs and epics will, I am sure, have this effect. I am glad, therefore, that Canon Rawnsley is publishing them, and I wish the book every possible success.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Preface.

THIS book, whose Second Edition is now issued, enlarged and illustrated with portraits, aims at nothing more than being a record in simple verse, of some of the golden deeds and pathetic incidents of the South African War.

The Poems have been arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order; the volume therefore becomes a kind of diary, not only of the battles fought, but also of the state of feeling here in Great Britain at various crises in the campaign.

The following poems have been added to the present Edition:—

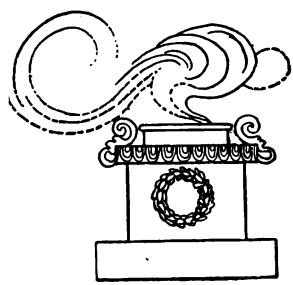
"To Lord Roberts—A Welcome Home."
"In the War School."
"In Honour of Frederick Greville Egerton."
"The Queen to Lady Roberts."
"In Memory of Lieut. Arbuthnot White."
"Gallant Manchesters."
"At Cæsar's Camp."
"To Captain George Kemp."
"A Hero of Spion Kop."
"The Relief of Kimberley."
"Balliol to George Steevens."
"Starved to Death."
"The Horrors of War."

"The Star of Chivalry."
"A Warlike Spring."
"To Rimington, King of the Scouts."
"How they saved the Wagon-bridge at Bethulie."
"The brave Post-Mistress of Van Wyck Vlei."
"Piet Joubert—dead."
"To Major E. J. Phipps Hornby, V.C."
"The Spring that cannot cheer."
"Wounded on Good Friday."
"Light in the Darkness."
"A Border Lament."
"In the Graveyard at Mafeking."
"The Dying Charger."
"The Gallant Earl of Airlie."
"Dead for Joy."
"To the C.I.V.—Greeting."
"A City's Welcome to our Volunteers.'
"A Brave Trumpeter."
"A Gallant Engine-Driver."
"At a Soldier-Prince's Funeral."
"To Sir Redvers Buller—Welcome Home.'
"The Son who lives to-day."
"To the Dhoolie Men."
"To De Wet."
"To Paul Kruger."
"To Lord Kitchener."
"To Sir Alfred Milner."
"The Choir Invisible."
"To the Queen."

The Portraits have been chosen, as far as possible, in mufti, as helping to give individuality to the likenesses.

I have to thank, not only the friends and relations of the heroes for assistance in this matter, but also the various photographers who waived their copyright claims, and so enabled me to carry out a patriotic design. Amongst these I would specially mention Messrs. J. Russell, Baker Street, London, and Windsor; Messrs. Horsburgh, Edinburgh; Messrs. Ellis, Baker Street; Messrs. Amey, Portsmouth; Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; the Proprietors of *The Sphere;* and Messrs. Bassano, Regent Street.

H. D. R.



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To Earl Roberts: A Welcome Home

January 3, 1900

YOU with the weight of years upon your head,
Of war with Eastern sun and Indian foe,
There where the child you gave was lying dead,
For us you dared to go.

Brave wearer of Victoria's honoured cross,
At Khudaganj by gallantry twice won,
Wear now the third, made dearer for his loss,
Who wears it not—your son.

A grateful nation needs and calls you home,
Leave the lone river and its requiem wave;
One day, far off, a friendlier race shall come
And weep above that grave.

Leader of men beloved and warrior-lord,
New leaves we bring your chaplet evergreen;
Rest was your right, but still you drew the sword
For country and for Queen.

Sun showers to-day on laurels never dull—
Lit by remembrance of that Indian war—
Resplendent with the morn when from Cabul
You flashed on Candahar.

But brightest glory for your victor's crown,
Shines the swift march that loosed our nation's care,
That flaming westward from the Diamond Town,
Caught Cronje in his snare.

Come home, and sorrowing for the good blood shed,
Shame with your soldier's truth the lying pen,
Humanest chief of those you loved and led—
Heroes and gentlemen.

Come with the new-born century; Hate shall fade,
A fuller right, a nobler justice done
Shall praise the man, who even by battle made
A Greater Britain one.

Come home, for Britain fain would bear a part
In mourning for the son who needs must stay;
We, too, have had our losses, and our heart
Is tenderer far to-day.

Come home, you leave your brave one and your best
Linked with a bright imperishable name,
Come home, and hear, as now you win your rest,
An Empire's deep acclaim.

In the War School

A RECALL TO THE COLOURS

"GOOD-BYE! But, Daddy, say where are you going?
And why does Mother cry?"
Thank God, the children are too young for knowing
The whither and the why.

"You will come back and bring us something, Daddy,
Some good thing, when you come?"
Ay, that will I, my little lass and laddie,
I'll bring back Honour home.

I, a strong man, had been in battles many,
But like an aspen shook,
As in their hands I placed a golden penny,
And gave the last long look.

They will forget; the school—the toffee-baking—
The golden pennies—save a world of dule;
And I, I am but one whose heart is aching,
We all must go to school.

The Wounded Piper of Elands-Laagte

October 21, 1899

YOU know the way the Gordons fought at Elands-
laagte Hill,
How they charged the blazing kopje, how they
cheered;
How the pipes were always skirling with a Gordon
piper's will
Till the laagers and the rifle-pits were cleared.

There are lassies o'er the Border who are weeping
sore to-day
For the flowers of bonnie Scotland lost and dead;
For the lads of our own Highlands on those high-
lands cast away
By the foemen and their torrent-rain of lead.

There is one brave Highland piper who is sad as
sad can be,
Just to think his pipes had played no victor's
part;
And this is what the piper of the Gordons told to
me,
When I found him after battle out of heart.

"Well, you see, I had no business to be playing at
the front;
Little use in showing Doctor such an arm;
'Serve you right, man,' he would answer—he is
straight as he is blunt;
'Keep your pipes behind the boulders out of
harm.'

"I hardly felt the bullet, tho' my pipes were
drenched with blood;
Was I going out of action like a girl?
So I took a dead man's shirt and tore it strip-wise
where I stood,
Bound the wound up tight and finished out the
skirl.

"Finished out and played another, cocked the
reeds and let them drone,
Gave the bag a clip the tighter as I blew.

They shall pay for it, and dearly shall they hear the
time and tune!
And with gallant Gordons round me, on I flew.

"Oh the rattle of the Maxim! Oh the live shells
screaming o'er!
Oh the cry, 'What price Majuba!' Oh the
shout!
If I live to be a hundred I shall not forget the roar,
As we stormed the ridge to turn the foemen out.

"I played what Gordons love most, and my bag of
wind was full,
When, bayonets all aflame, the ridge we topped;
And I thought I still was playing, then there came
a moment's lull,
And I listened and I heard the pipes had
stopped.

"They—my brand-new Edinboro' pipes, with
Gordon colours grand!
And a hole right through my bag of Highland
breath!
If you never won a battle, sir, you scarce can
understand,
But I almost wish that ball had been my death.

"It's not the bullet thro' my arm that makes me sad to-day—
With bone unbroke the wound will soon be right;
I am down at heart for thinking that my pipes just ceased to play
When the Boers at Elands-Laagte turned to flight."

NOTE.—The following extract is from a private letter written after the battle of Elands-Laagte: "I went round the Gordons' camp on the day following the battle, and I don't think I saw one man who did not bear some mark, either on his body or on his clothes, of the enemy's bullets. Some of them had their helmets riddled. The most pathetic of all the sights was a piper of the Gordons, who was sitting with a Boer's shirt tied round his arm, which was saturated with blood. He had been shot through the arm, and had bound up the wound himself. When I asked him to go and get the doctor to dress his wound, he simply replied that the doctor would only tell him he had no business to get wounded. He didn't seem to mind his wound a bit, but he wailed over his bagpipes, which were a new set just sent out from Edinburgh. He had got a bullet right through the bag, which rendered them useless."

After the Battle

It was out in the rain and the wind and the groans
I tended the wounded, foe and friend;
I thought with myself that the very stones
Of the grim veldt-side,
If they could, would have cried,
"Doctor, don't touch them; let death make an end!"

And presently, propped by a boulder grey,
A grey and grizzled old Boer I saw;
His whole right hand had been blown away;
But, quiet and calm,
He was reading a Psalm
From a blood-stained book of the ancient Law.

"Make haste and help me," the old Psalm ran,
"Deliver me! haste to help me, Lord!
Let those who seek my hurt to a man
Be put to shame,
That so Thy name
Be great upon all who trust thy word."

"Poor am I, Lord: thou knowest how poor;
This hand shall never hold sickle again;
Lord, succour me!" groaned the grey-beard Boer;
"Tarry not! come
To take me home!
Lord, haste Thee, and help me out of this pain!"

And there, as he prayed in the rain and the wind,
To the grey old Boer from the Orange Free State—
The man who had fought for cattle and kind
With his sons, and sons'
Sons less than their guns,
To free his land from the men of their hate—

There came, at his call to the God of the Psalm,
The Helper of helpless after the fray;
And his face grew pale with a wonderful calm,
And the Psalm-book dropped,
And the blood-jet stopped,
And the pain and the sorrow had passed away.

NOTE.—After one of the first battles in Natal, an old Boer was found badly wounded, propped up among some rough boulders upon a kopje side; his rifle was laid idly by him, and the old man appeared to be waiting for death, and was quietly reading his Bible.

In a Camp Hospital, Elands-Laagte

I AM a man of Scottish blood!
 Commandeered for the fight;
They tried on me their Kaffir tricks,
They rained their curses, blows and kicks,
 And swore to shoot outright.

But I was built of Scottish blood!
 That blood ran never thin.
I cried, "My brains may scattered be,
But Paul shall get no help from me
 Against my kith and kin."

I am a man of Scottish blood!
 The cowards, ten to one,
They bound me—I was forced to yield—
They drove me to the battle-field,
 They lashed me to a gun.

I am a man of Scottish blood!
The Lancers charged—I knelt
And prayed beside that limber's wheel;
May neither Boer nor Briton feel
What agonies I felt!

I am a man of Scottish blood!
On, on the Lancers came.
"My God, have mercy, Thou art just!"
Then something smote me to the dust:—
The Lancers passed like flame.

I am a man of Scottish blood!
I woke from swoon and night,
I found myself in doctor's hands,
Head broke—arms swoll'n and black from bands
They bound who bade me fight.

I am a man of Scottish blood!
They cried, "Who did this deed?"
"Some black-heart rogue," I answered—"Schiel."
They muttered, "God made man! the De'il
Alone could sire such breed!"

I am a man of Scottish blood!
God heard my prayer that day:—

There, on the pallet at my side,
And wounded sore—the wretch who tied
My arms to the limber—lay.

I am a man of Scottish blood!
My tongue I had forgot;
But like a Highland torrent strong,
The Gaelic came to curse the wrong
Done to a loyal Scot.

I am a man of Scottish blood!
Still hot it leaps within
At memory of those words we spake
In wrath at him who strove to make
Me fight my kith and kin.

NOTE.—An officer now in England, who was badly hurt at Elands-Laagte, tells a strange story. When charging the position a Lancer struck at an object, apparently a man, hiding behind a gun-limber, and then passed on to bestow his attentions elsewhere. Subsequently the object was found to be indeed a man, a man borne upon the Boer strength, and not only a man, but a Scotchman. His skull had been cracked by the Lancer, but he still remained at his post by the limber, though unconscious of all that was taking place around him, for it was discovered that his wrists had been tied behind him with stout cord, and his arms had similarly been tightly secured to the limber. In due time, the officer who tells this story and the Scot who had been so maltreated found themselves in a hospital ward together. Another person in that ward was "Colonel" Schiel, who lay wounded and a prisoner, the Scot and the

"Colonel" being side by side. When sufficiently recovered the Scot told his story to his wounded brethren of the ward. He had been "commandeered" to serve with the Boers, but absolutely refused to do so; if he must fight, he would fight in company with his own flesh and blood, but never against them. Thus protesting, he was secured and passed on to the front; where, he said, "a blackguard called Schiel," who was in command of the Boer guns, had him tied fast to the limber, and that was all he could remember. It was not likely that he could long remain uninformed upon the fact that "the blackguard called Schiel" was his next neighbour; and then the pent-up flood-gates of his wrath were opened. . . . It was a happy moment for the unlucky Schiel when he left that hospital behind him.

The Trooper who carried the Colonel in

THE Maxim's rattle, the cannon's roar,
Was loud as the sea on a winter's shore,
When he, the Colonel we loved so well,
Hit in the ankle stumbled and fell;
But up he rose with none to aid
And proudly he walked as he walked at parade,
And he smiled "the bone's whole tho' the ball
went thro'
And a wound for the Queen is an honour due."
So forward still to the kopje's crest
Went the Colonel of Colonels, loved the best.

Then a bullet came—I can feel the thud
As it smote him down, I can see the blood
Ooze thro' the khaki—can hear him say
"For Queen and country I needs must stay,
But forward ever brave lads until
The Boers are swept like chaff from the hill."

And there in the open, while all around
The bullets sputtered and splashed the ground,
The Colonel groaned in his mortal pain
Chilled to the bone by the wind and rain.

Then I a Trooper—no matter my name,
My horse had been shot—alone I came
Into that hell of fury and flame;
And God be praised for the thought of the thing,
For thoughts are swift when the bullets sing;
A voice seemed to say, "Tho' it's ten to one
Against the chance of its being done,
Trooper, the thing for you is to strive
To bring in the Colonel, dead or alive."

So I faced the bullets that hailed around,
And I lifted him tenderly up from the ground,
Thank God! he was breathing, though faint from his wound;
And heavily weighted—painful and slow,
Backward I came, full in face of the foe.
And the bullets hissed, and the bullets stung,
And suddenly one of my arms down hung;
Yet I knew no pain, but forward prest,
For I thought of the Colonel we loved the best.

Then I felt in a moment the weight was as lead,
And I knew I was bearing a man stone-dead;
Shot, as I carried him home, thro' the head;
Ah! never from Elands-Laagte's fray
A nobler spirit went home that day.

But a voice kept saying, "It's ten to one
You will win the shelter. Well done! well done
Trooper, the thing for you is to strive
To bring in your Colonel, dead or alive."
So I stumbled on with the Colonel brave
And brought him in safe to a soldier's grave.

NOTE.—A trooper in the Imperial Light Horse, who is at present in Maritzburg on sick leave, stated that he saw Colonel Scott-Chisholm shot, and describes the incident as follows:—"Well on in the engagement at Elands-Laagte the Colonel, who had been running about fearlessly, directing the troops, was suddenly seen to drop, and on examination it was found that he had received a wound in the calf of the leg. The wound, however, did not appear to be very serious, for the Colonel rose to his feet and made to rejoin his company. He had only proceeded a short distance, however, when he was again shot, this time in the groin, and he sank to the ground. The fire around him was very heavy at the time, but, notwithstanding, a trooper, whose name, we believe, is Benson, rushed forward, and, after some little difficulty, succeeded in raising the Colonel and putting him across his shoulders. He then hurried as fast as he could towards a shelter, but on the way the Colonel was shot a third time, the bullet on this occasion entering his head and causing immediate death. The trooper was also wounded in his gallant and humane effort, and we understand he is now in the camp hospital at Maritzburg."—*Times of Natal.*

How the Naval Guns came to Ladysmith

October 30, 1899

"COME away to Ladysmith! comrades of the *Powerful!*
Bring us your hearts and your guns to our aid!"
'Tween decks with work then for twenty was each hour full.
Jack of the *Powerful* is Jack of every trade.

Rig us wheels! sling the guns! lash the trucks and speed them well!
Boers shall learn what British words lyddite shells can say!
Steam ahead my hearties now! stoke your fires and feed them well!
Ladysmith is calling us six hundred miles away!

Off by night from Durban dock, telling it to no man,
Thro' the cold and thro' the heat, eyes before, behind,
Scanning bush and scrub and hill and gully for a foeman,
Fearing every bridge was sawn, every culvert mined.

So along for Britain's sake, merrily we thundered
Neared at last the mountain gates meant for barricade.
Shall we find our passage barred, rails all up, we wondered,
Shall we win to Ladysmith, be in time to aid?

On we roared, full speed ahead, Boer to left and right of us;
Over fateful Tugela, by grim Hlangwane's hill.
Ladysmith! Ah, how the folk all shouted at the sight of us
—Gunners of the *Powerful*, come with heart and will.

We the last train in, all bridges broken at the back of us,
Swift we laid our beauties, for the fight raged far and near

Hardly pushed, our gallants and the foe heard
sudden crack of us.
Out of heaven each good Four-Seven thundered
—"Jack is here."

Where "Long Tom" from furthest distance belched
of doom his shower-full,
Fell our gift of Lyddite—he was silent for a
space.
All the people crowded round and praised the
good ship *Powerful.*
Blessed the guns and blessed the tars and
thanked God for his grace.

NOTE.—Mr. Balfour, speaking at Ardwick on 8th January, 1900, said: "Was there ever anything done with greater promptness and heroism than the sending of the naval guns of H.M.S. *Powerful* to the relief of Ladysmith? Capetown is 600 miles away from Ladysmith. I am unable to say exactly the number of hours, but in an incredible space of time from the receipt of the telegram asking for guns, the *Powerful* was turned into a workshop, the guns were provided with suitable mountings, were unshipped, and entrained, and were on their adventurous journey."

Those guns arrived just in the nick of time; the train that carried them was the last train in. Their sudden appearance in the midst of the fight probably saved the day.

In Honour of Frederick Greville Egerton, Gunnery-Lieutenant, H.M.S. "Powerful"

LADYSMITH, *November* 2, 1899

EGERTON — you of the "Powerful"— when the doom came,
Doom crashing on thro' the miles of the murderous air,
Did you not feel as you played in war's terrible game
That the bowling was fair?

Did not your thoughts, when so mortally wounded you fell,
Back to the green level pitch and the playing-field run,
There where your wicket was fortress, the cricket-ball shell—
And war was begun?

"There goes my cricket!" you cried, but your fast-failing breath
Challenged no umpire; you held the ball truly was sent,
And back to the awful Pavilion we players call Death,
How bravely you went!



Debenham.

LIEUT. F. G. EGERTON

Egerton—you of the "Powerful"—honoured by all,
Honoured and mourned for and missed as a man and a friend,
Well did the spirit you learned from the bat and the ball
Help to the end.

NOTE.—Gunnery-Lieutenant F. G. Egerton, of H.M.S. "Powerful," while sighting his gun, fell terribly wounded, both legs shattered by a shell that came through the gun-shelter of the Lady Ann Battery, at Farquhar's Farm, Ladysmith, on November 2. As they bore him away he smiled, lit a cigarette, and said cheerily, "There goes the last of my cricket!" He was promoted to the rank of Commander, "for services with the field force in South Africa," but did not live to hear of it. A gallant officer—keen sportsman—good cricketer, all who knew him testify to his life's example on deck or in the field. He was a true Christian knight, a very perfect gentleman.

The Leonids and Ladysmith

November 14, 1899

WHEN from the Lion rained those fiery spears,
And with cloud-armour on the brave earth passed
To meet the missiles Uranus once cast·
Back to the sun, my heart was full of fears;
The cries of warrior hosts were in mine ears,
I heard in far-off fields the roar and blast
Of battle, saw fierce meteors flashing fast
Upon a cloud-girt town that rang with cheers.

But when I saw how quite unharmed the earth
Thro' flight of burning spears and flaming balls
Wheeled on, and went in triumph on her way,
My heart revived, my hope again had birth—
For safe beneath those stern-beleaguered walls
Methought Great Britain still unconquered lay.

Death Aboard our Transports

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

SURELY, beyond the nethermost pit of hell
 Some darker, deeper halls of doom await
 The rogues, who did for gain this deed of hate!
The slaves to Mammon's lust who dared to sell
Death to the crews they catered for—so well!
 —So smilingly! then sent them to their fate
 Poisoned by garbage, while their horses ate
Mildew for hay, and sickened, starved, and fell.

Oh, England! has the madness of the mart
 So demonised thy merchants? can our land
 Nurse such dark traitors, rear such serpent
 brood—
As stings unseen, numbs brotherhood at the heart,
 Slays honour, and unnerves the soldier's hand
 By sense of treacherous vile ingratitude?

To Winston Churchill

ESTCOURT, *November* 15, 1899

NOT yet the Blenheim seed
Has failed us at our need,
 Still does the name of Churchill ring like gold,
Whether at Omdurman
A warrior in the van,
 Or, where the Estcourt ridges are uprolled,
He, having just ungirt his sword, took pen
To fight as brave for us home-staying men.

There, when the armoured train
Was wrecked, and fast as rain
 Boer bullets fell on our devoted band,
Did not this swordless one
Remember great deeds done,
 And, hero, call on heroes all to stand?
Did he not clear the wreckage, rails relay,
And speed the wounded on their homeward way?



Duffus Bros.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Yea, and with lion-heart
Did he not backward start,
 Clutch rifle, turn again to face the foe,
To fight—if need be, fall—
For country, Queen, and all
 That made him great those many years ago?
Ah! Churchill, let the thanks of Britain be
The balm and calm of your captivity.

NOTE.—The following letter has been forwarded to the General Manager of the Railways by Inspector Campbell, of the Natal Government Railways, writing on behalf of the railway employés who escaped with the armoured train:—"Sir,—The railway men who accompanied the armoured train this morning ask me to convey to you their admiration of the coolness and pluck displayed by Mr. Winston Churchill, the war correspondent who accompanied the train, and to whose efforts, backed up by those of the driver Wagner, is due the fact that the armoured engine and tender were brought successfully out after being hampered by the derailed trucks in front, and that it became possible to bring the wounded in here. The whole of our men are loud in their praises of Mr. Churchill, who, I regret to say, has been taken prisoner. I respectfully ask you to convey their admiration to a brave man."

(THROUGH LAFFAN'S AGENCY.)

Estcourt, Wednesday, 8 p.m.—All the survivors praise Mr. Churchill's conduct. When the wreckage was cleared the engine-driver, who was wounded in the head, began to retire, but Mr. Churchill called him to come back, saying, "A man is never hit twice." The man brought back the engine, and Mr. Churchill then helped to carry the wounded to the tender and accompanied them back to Frere. There he jumped down with a rifle and ran towards the enemy.

An Estcourt Hero

ORDERLY-SERGEANT W. Tod,
When next I lie in a tightish place,
With the enemy's bullets raining down—
Shot thro' the arm—and blood on my face
From the man whose brains to the winds are blown,
With nothing to help but the love of God,
I shall pray he will send to mend my case,
A second Orderly-Sergeant Tod.

For Orderly-Sergeant W. Tod,
It was you who saw when the Captain fell;
It was you who, in face of the fusilade,
Gathered the boulders and placed them well,
As fence from the bullets to lend him aid;
You built up the stones, you packed the sod,
And there by his side, to cheer him, laid
Your own brave body's length, Sergeant Tod.

A Hero of Belmont

November 23, 1899

WHEN Britain calls the roll,
And every warrior soul
 Receives his meed for help to Fatherland,
They will remember him
Who till the stars grew dim
 Led straight for Belmont heights his light horse band,
Milton, the Major, whom with praise we crown,
By bravery's right, the King of the King's Own.

Through dawn of that fierce day
He cheered them to the fray,
 And when in ambush fall'n his men retired,
Gave up his horse to bear
A trooper from the snare,
 And calmly, though a hundred rifles fired,
Walked, as a man walks whistling o'er the heath,
From forth the zone of bullets winged with death.

Milton! your name we know,
Far other debts we owe
To him who bore it in the days of yore;
But in your deed there sings
Music of noble things—
The music that shall Paradise restore—
Sound of the poems only heroes make
Who dare all death for brotherhood's sweet sake.

NOTE.—A telegram from the special correspondent of *The Times*, after describing the battle of Belmont, said:—

"Special gallantry was displayed by Major Milton, King's Own York Light Infantry. At the close of the action the Mounted Infantry he was leading fell into an ambush and fled. He supplied a trooper, whose horse had been killed, with his own, then walked away under heavy fire."

This gallant officer was killed in action on Dec. 11, 1899.



Vandyke.

MIDSHIPMAN HUDDART.

A Gallant Midshipman

GRASPAN, *November* 25, 1899

WHEN once again in peace these mountains stand,
When once again these rivers peaceful flow,
In this wild place a sea-born flower shall grow,
A flower that loved the salt wind and the sand—
The flower of Daring. Crimson shall expand
The heart-shaped petals, so that men shall know
Its roots have kindred with the heart below
That gave its crimson blood for Fatherland.

For here, a midshipmite, young Huddart fell—
Fell wounded, rose, marched forward, fell again,
Rose up and with his fellows clomb the hill;
To death thrice smitten—scorning shot and shell,
And heedless of the blood-drench and the pain
So he might serve his Queen and country still.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE STANDARD."

SIR,—It may interest your readers to have further confirmation as to how our gallant officers at the front are doing and dying. I beg, therefore, to enclose copy of a letter received by me from the Admiralty.

A brother Naval officer also writes :—"At the bottom of the hill he was hit in the arm, and half-way up he was shot in the leg, but still pressed on. On reaching the top of the kopje he was shot through the stomach, and fell, mortally wounded."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JAMES HUDDART.

EASTBOURNE, *January* 2.

(Copy.)

"Admiralty, Dec. 29, 1899.

"SIR,—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to inform you that, in a letter dated 26th ult., Captain Marchant, R.M.L.I., who was left in command of the Naval Brigade with Lord Methuen's force after the action at Graspan, reported as follows :—'It is with deep regret that I have to report the death of Midshipman Huddart, who behaved magnificently, and still advanced after he had been twice wounded, until he was finally struck down mortally wounded.'

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
(Sgd.) "EVAN MACGREGOR."

Bible *v.* Bullet

THERE are more bullets than man can make,
In a single page of the printed Word :
The God of battles with Truth can break
Rifle and cannon and spear and sword.

And tho' I was only an ignorant Boer,
Fresh from the Veldt with my rifle at trail,
I knew that the Vision of John was sure,
And the Spirit of God, not might, would prevail.

For a night or two back, over kraal and fold,
The Stars of Heaven fell unto the earth :
The clouds with thunder apart were rolled,
And the hills were moved from the place of their birth.

I thought, To thy servants, Lord, this is a sign,
To show what shortly shall come to pass,
When with stars and with thunder of battle-line,
We meet and the foemen fall like grass.

For the kings and nobles of high degree,
And the rich, and the captains and mighty men,
Bondmen and free to the rocks shall flee
And hide them each in the mountain den.

Hark to the mountains and rocks they cry,
"Fall on us; hide us from Him on the Throne,
For the day of the wrath of the God is nigh,
And who shall be able to stand alone."

We met, and by thunder of clouds and war,
That chapter six of the Book was proved;
For all night long star fell upon star,
And all day through the hills were moved.

And after the battle I, watching afield,
Chanced on a stranger. I sprung with a call,
Forth for his taking, and bade him yield,
But I felt God's Word was far better than ball.

So I dropped my rifle and opened the Book,
And I motioned him mark God's Word was sure
There at the chapter six:—so took
My way—an ignorant Veldt-side Boer.

NOTE.—"The Hon. George Peel, who was present at the battle of Belmont, got into a warm corner, the bullets flying thickly around him, and as he was only a spectator, he prudently scrambled back to the rear of the fighting line. After resting, he started again for the purpose of exploring, when he found himself suddenly in the enemy's camp. An old Boer jumped up from behind a rock, and Mr. Peel prepared to sell his life dearly, when, instead of a bullet, the Boer offered him a Bible, open at Revelation, and then fled precipitately."—(*Daily Telegraph*), *Cape Town Times*, November 27, 1899.



Searle Bros.

MAJOR HENRY SCOTT TURNER.

At the Grave of Major Scott Turner

KIMBERLEY, *November* 29, 1899

LET the loud hills be speechless for a space,
No rifle speak, no cannon thunder loud;
A prince of manliness and soldier-grace
Lies silent in his shroud!

And this was he who, wounded in the fight,
Laughed at the scratch, and careless of all pain
Would hide his hurt and sorrow out of sight,
And sally forth again.

This was the man who loved us mourners well,
For our sakes led the desperate venture out,
Stormed battery after battery-mound, and fell
Dead at the fourth redoubt.

Let the six volleys echo o'er his grave!
With wailing blast the bugle make replies!
Others he saved, himself he would not save,
And now in peace he lies.

We mourn a hero perished in his pride;
We cannot grudge the tireless warrior rest;
He served his Queen unflinchingly, and died
The death he loved the best.

Sail Away "Tantallon"

To the public-spirited promoters of the Portland War Hospital, who sailed on board the *Tantallon Castle* for the Cape, Saturday, December 9th

EVERY heart you call on,
 Each voice speeding sends,
Sail away *Tantallon*
 With our gallant friends!

Leave the cattle lowing,
 Underneath the hill,
Leave the yew-trees growing
 Quaintly at your will.

Leave the Hall of Levens,
 Leave the banks of Lune,
This your work is Heaven's,
 Britain feels the boon.

Go! all grace attend you,
 Love empower your hand,
Go! God keep and send you
 Back to Westmoreland.

We with sword and thunder
And the cannon's breath,
Tear the wounds asunder
You will bind from death.

You, for friend and foeman
Passionately plan
Pity of a woman,
Mercy of a man.

You, while others thought it,
Dared the thing to prove,
Others dreamed—you wrought it
This your deed of love.

Not a heart you call on
Now would bid you stay,
Sail away, *Tantallon*
Safe to Table Bay.

All our tongues confess you
Crowned in love's employ,
Bentinck! Bagot! bless you!
Come again with joy.

NOTE.—The story of the inception, equipment and work of the Portland Hospital, has been admirably told by Mrs. Bagot in her "Shadows of the War," published by Edward Arnold.

The Black Watch

MAGERSFONTEIN, *December* 11, 1899

IT was the blackest watch we kept,
 And bitter was the rain,
When, solid column, forth we stepped
 O'er Magersfontein plain.

Our hopes and fancies forward went
 What should the morrow be?
And backward still our thoughts we sent
 To Britain over sea.

Dream-faces haunted all the way,
 And through the darkness smiled
The mother with her babe at play,
 The laughing elder child.

We see them still! ah, how they weep,
 To think upon the slain;
And we, we lie a murdered heap
 On Magersfontein plain.

Carbineers to the Rescue

ARUNDEL, *December* 11, 1899

HAVE you heard how our bold Carbineers
To each other were truer than steel?
When the bullets sing loud in your ears,
To halt and to wheel,
And to dash to the rescue, needs nerve
Such as only a hero can feel.

They were out reconnoitring a farm
By the kopjes on Arundel height,
When the sergeant gave sudden alarm,
The Boers are in sight!
And a hundred came galloping down—
Little chance had the seven but flight.

Ross's steed chipped a boulder and fell,
Collis turned, caught the riderless black,
Helped remount; when more swift than I tell,
The horse reeled to the crack
Of a rifle; but dauntless to save
The lieutenant went scurrying back.

"Here's a stirrup, man, leap up behind!"
He cried, as they sped on their way;
But fate to their speed was unkind,
For a rifle cried stay!
And the horse that was bearing them both
Stone-dead to a Boer bullet lay.

Then Dodson rode back full in face
Of the Boers, his lieutenant to aid,
But his horse, doubly weighted, lost pace;
Collis knew it and said,
"I must try my own luck in this game,"
Though more desperate never was played!

Trooper Dunn turned his head, in a trice
He had wheeled and to Collis he flew,
"Mount, sir, or we both pay one price
To the fiends who pursue!"
So Collis took crupper and sprang,
And the horse to his burden went true.

But the foemen gained hard on their track,
Collis cried "Save yourself! see, I go,
And right glad so alive you get back;
Let the Carbineers know,
If I die, I shall carry to Heaven
Unpaid the large love that I owe."

And the Boers came on swift and more swift,
 Then Freeman, his blood on his rein,
Rode back—"Now, Lieutenant, a lift,
 My horse will take twain!"
Collis answered, "Nay! peril your life?
 Better one than that two should be slain."

Then the sergeant spurred on with sad face,
 For he left his lieutenant for dead,
But the Boer bullets beat in the race,
 And with hands over head,
As the horse reeled, his rider went down—
 Brave soul from brave body had fled.

Lieutenant from Arundel height,
 You who live to this day you can tell
That the heroes who turned in their flight,
 And the hero who fell,
Not alone helped each other that day,
 They helped all the brave world as well.

NOTE.—The *Daily Telegraph* published the following from its Special Correspondent:—

"ARUNDEL, *Tuesday*, 8.35 *p.m.*

"I am able to record some conspicuous acts of heroism during a reconnaissance this morning by Lieutenant Collis, of the Carbineers of the enemy's position. Lieutenant Collis was in command of a patrol of six men. After examining a farmhouse,

Where they were told by the farmer that no Boers were near, the little force proceeded to reconnoitre the farmside, from which a line of kopjes ran up to the enemy's position. They had got within 800 yards of the latter when Boers on horseback were observed coming down. As the patrol moved away Private Ross's horse fell. Though the Boers were now within 300 yards, Lieutenant Collis and Sergeant Freeman galloped back to give him assistance. No sooner had Ross remounted than his horse was shot. Lieutenant Collis again went back, and got him to mount behind on his own horse. The couple had ridden some fifty yards when the Lieutenant's horse was dropped by a bullet. Both then took to their heels. Private Dodson came back and insisted on Lieutenant Collis getting up behind him. This he did, but finding when they had gone a short distance that the horse was unable to carry both, he again dismounted. Private Dunn returned, and Lieutenant Collis mounted behind him. As, however, the Boers rapidly gained on them, he dropped off and ordered Dunn to save himself. Sergeant Freeman, although by this time wounded, galloped back to save his officer. Lieutenant Collis refused assistance, and directed the sergeant to make good his escape Hardly had he turned away when the rider and horse were shot. Finding that Sergeant Freeman was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Collis ran some hundred and fifty yards, and then concealed himself in the scrub. The Boers came up and examined Sergeant Freeman as he lay on the ground. They fired several shots in the direction of Lieutenant Collis, and then retreated. After walking four miles Lieutenant Collis came upon a patrol of the Inniskillings and safely reached camp. Private Ross is missing. These gallant deeds took place under a heavy fire at close range."



Horsburgh.

GENERAL WAUCHOPE

At the Burial of General Wauchope

MODDER RIVER, *December* 13, 1899

HARK! thro' the solemn air, Highland pipes are wailing
"The flowers of the forest are all weed away!"
Light from the blood of the sunset sky is failing,
Long from our hearts has faded all the day.

Sad sound the river trees, Modder stream is sighing!
Stream that ran red with our passion and our gore!
Here, by their shallow grave, forty men are lying,
Men who shall hear Modder sobbing so no more.

Men with the maddened look of battle on their faces,
Men with fierce lips unloosened still in death,
Men praised in peace, and the first of warrior races
Dead—ere a bayonet was drawn from its sheath.

Eyes of the forty men in fury upward staring!
What do they look for so fixedly and fain?
They look for the laird whom his comrades four are bearing.
They wait for the general to lead them once again.

Then while the sixteen pipes are piping mournfully—
Arms all reversed, but as proud as on parade,
Comes with the chieftain who faced his doom so scornfully,
All that is left of them—the Highlanders' Brigade.

Hark ye! from Edinburgh, bells in every steeple
Mingle their tollings with the pipers' sound,
Hark! lamentations of the Niddry people
Mourning in pit-villages, and moaning underground.

Will you not rouse now, Wauchope, just to cheer them,
Greet them again with a smile and merry word?
You, with the laird's heart of honour ever near them;
They, with their honour for your home-love and your sword.

Nay, Wauchope, rest, on the veldt, till bloom awaken,
Rest with your Highlanders, painless, battle-free!
Mouths firmly-set, rifles gripped and fist fierce shaken,
These wake and watch, these avengers shall be.

Vengeance is man's! God's way shall come with healing!
Love yet may bloom by fateful Modder shore!
But never hearts shall hear with such appealing
Pipes play o'er fallen ones, "Lochaber no more."

NOTE.—The description of the burial of General Wauchope given by the *Daily News* correspondent is as follows :—

"Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendour, on the evening of Tuesday, the 13th of December, a long shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward the broad river, fringed with trees, ran murmuringly, to the eastward the heights still held by the enemy scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated peacefully; a few paces to the northward of that grave fifty Highlanders lay, dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle; they had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave. How grim and stern those dead men looked as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clenched in the last death agony, and brows still knitted with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen. The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and, as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of the pipes;

it was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread, all that remained of the Highland Brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain, with bared head, dressed in his robes of office, then came the pipers, with their pipes (sixteen in all), and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades. Out swelled the pipes to the strains of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' now ringing proud and high until the soldiers' heads went back in haughty defiance, and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel; now sinking to a moaning wail like a woman mourning for her firstborn, until the proud heads dropped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death.

"Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him; only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers whilst the solemn service of the Church was spoken. Then once again the pipes pealed out, and 'Lochaber No More' cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more. Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damp eyes from the still form in the shallow grave towards the heights where Cronje, the 'lion of Africa,' and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson, and the strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervour of the grip, and that look from those silent armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood."

A Timely Confession

December 15th

LORD of the Judgment-arm for ever sure,
We do confess our sin that it was great,
Strong in our pride, contemptuous in debate,
We scorned the farm-bred patriarchal Boer;
We let the diamond dust and golden lure
Dim and bedazzle eyes half-blind for hate,
Dreamed war begun and ended, set the date;
And planned as if our victory were secure.

Wherefore, in mercy lest the pillars fall
Of this Heaven-ordered—this imperial realm,
Thou hast decreed, that, humbled to the dust
By these veldt shepherds and their mountain wall,
We should, ere arrogant bluster overwhelm,
Learn that our God who made us great is just.

A Gunner's Story

THE BATTLE OF COLENSO, *December* 15, 1899

I AM the eldest of mother's sons,
She is a widow, she drew my pay;
I fell in trying to save the guns;
But my heart was glad when the ball went through;
How else could I dare to be talking with you,
Seeing we gave the guns away?

Timber of limber and coil of steel,
Light to gallop with, strong to stand,
None are made swifter death to deal;
But ah! I was glad when that ball went thro';
If I had been spared to be seen of you,
How could I face my native land?

No scouts ahead! it may well seem strange,
Of foes in the river we had no thought;
Our Colonel wanted a closer range;
I was glad when the rifle-ball went thro',
How else should I dare to be talking with you,
Seeing we knew not what we ought?

My breech-block scarcely had closed on shell,
When forth of the ambush volleyings came,
And every horse of the battery fell;
Ah! sir, I am glad that the ball went thro',
For now I can dare to be talking with you;
It is easier here to bear the blame,
And out of the silence, I tell you true,
We died at our guns and we both died game.

NOTE.—When the last shell had been fired, it is said that the two remaining gunners, rather than desert their gun, stood at attention and so died.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, describing this heroic incident, concludes: "This I say, by the light of all my experience in war, these gunners of ours are men who deserve monuments over their graves, and Victoria Crosses in their coffins."

Another Philip Sydney

COLENSO

OUR selfless heroes are not dead,
The nation is at heart as one,
And wheresoe'er brave blood is shed,
We see the untarnished golden thread
First wove by Sydney's noble son.

Hodge here at home is simple hind,
Hodge found in war is of king's breed;
Deep down within his soldier mind
Is set the will to help his kind,
Even unto death, at comrade's need.

And I, a surgeon in the glare
Of that ill-starred Colenso day,
There, on the ground, blood-drenched and bare
Was sudden of a true knight 'ware,
Who gave his life the royal way.

Shot thro' the body, and in pain
He writhed, his lips too parched to speak.
I knew a surgeon's help was vain,
Too long untended had he lain;
His breath came swift, his pulse was weak.

A water-bearer by me ran,
I cried aloud, "for God's dear grace
Give succour to a dying man!"
He stooped to bring his water-can
Full front before the fevered face.

A clenched fist waved the can away,
The sun-baked lips, nigh black with thirst,
Moved, and I heard him slowly say:
"Others will need it more to-day,
My mate must feel its comfort first.

"Worse hit than I, he wants it more,
Tell him my share I gladly give,
I shall not last beyond the roar
Of battle, thirst will soon be o'er;
Bid him drink deep, thank God, and live."

He drank and lives;—the other died,
His thirst unquenched—to save a friend;

His bones Colenso's kopjes hide,
But he who waved that cup aside
Saw Christ smile on him ere the end.

NOTE.—The following little story is told by Mr. Frederick Treves, the well-known surgeon, in a letter he has sent to the *British Medical Journal*, detailing the battle of Colenso: "On all sides there is evidence that our soldiers behaved splendidly on the field, and I can say that when brought back wounded they were plucky, patient, and uncomplaining. Their unselfishness was many times very marked. An orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground near me. He was shot through the abdomen, and he could hardly speak owing to the dryness of his mouth, but he said, 'Take it to my pal first; he is worse hit than me.' This generous lad died next morning, but his pal got through and is doing well."

Resolute

December 16th

NOT with wild barrack song and heedless breath,
Not with light-hearted boast of man and power
To tread the burgher under—in this hour
Of solemn pause, disastrous pain and death,
Does Britain once again her sword unsheath;
Rather with thought of that transcendent dower
Of strength that in adversity will flower,
She turns to claim once more the victor's wreath.

Dark are her cottage-homes and dark her halls,—
Fierce serpent spite is hissing round the earth!
—"Behold, the Titan totters on his throne!"
But resolute love and loyalty have birth,
And out of Heaven an angel trumpet calls,—
"Not yet for God the allotted task is done!"

The Sailing of the "Maine"

December 23rd

HAIL! all hail to the "Maine."
Is it she who sank to her tomb
With death and war in her womb?
She for whose loss and whose pain
The great West fought against Spain?
With life for the Motherland,
Love from the Brotherland.
Lo, from the deeps has she risen again?

Ocean hearken and heed,
Give us your silence and calm,
So, more swift with her balm
And healing for all who need,
The "Maine" to their succour shall speed,
With help from the Brotherland,
Hope for the Motherland,
Blessing and joy by her merciful deed.

God give her sun all the day,
God give her stars all the night,
God give her mariners might.
Never the engines stay,

Nor captain slack of his way!
The thanks of the Motherland,
Health from the Brotherland,
These are her passengers bound for the Bay.

Ay, as a mother her son
Hides in her heart evermore,
Prays as he sails from the shore,
So are we praying that none
Ever forget this deed done.
Love of the Brotherland,
Life for the Motherland,
Now shall the nations henceforward be one.

A Generous Life-Guardsman

MEN know me as a Coldstream Guard,
And how I lived I cannot tell;
The whisker on my face was charred,
I saw the flash and fell.

The Boer who did the dastard deed
Had wrapped his grey-white neckerchief
About his rifle—seemed to plead
So sorely for relief.

I thought or Boer or Briton, all
A cry for help can understand.
I could not talk his catawaul,
And so I reached a hand—

When, swift as lightning, lo! he brought
His rifle round, and straight let fly;
I, swifter still, as swift as thought
Ducked, and the ball went by.

Then with my bayonet parrying free
I dashed his rifle stock in two;
And talked in British language he
Seemed quite to feel was due.

"You murdering, treacherous cur!" I cried.
God grant me pardon, how I swore;
I cursed till heart was satisfied
And breath could curse no more.

Quite at my mercy, gaunt and grim,
There lay the wounded, tattered man.
He looked at me—I looked at him—
And Pity through me ran.

I gave my flask and, mad with thirst,
He clutched it with a fevered grip,
Then motioned me to drink it first
And pledged me fellowship.

Forth from his bleeding breast he drew
A picture of a child and wife,
His tears rained down, and well I knew
How sore he needed life.

I smiled and nodded, and he smiled,
He seemed to know what words I meant,
And so I bore him like a child
Back to the doctor's tent.

NOTE.—At one of the battles of the Relief Column on its way to Kimberley, a guardsman went forward to succour a wounded Boer who had put up a white flag. The Boer fired on him at close quarters, but the bullet missed its billet. The gallant guardsman disarmed his treacherous enemy, and took him back to the hospital tent.

An Arm-Chair Critic

I AM sitting here in my easy chair,
 If the cat purred loud I should turn to scold
Flowers from Italy scent the air,
 The servant who gave the paper a fold
Rustled it well, as if to say,
"News from the front, my lord, to-day."

They are sitting there in the trenches grim,
 Deaf for the cannon, black for the smoke,
The last faint flower of hope is dim,
 The foe through the strongest lines have broke.
Famished, they fold tired hands and say,
"To die is all we can do to-day."

Yet here as I sit I am talking grand
 Of what born fools our generals are—
I, whose millions were made in the Rand;
 I, for whose mines we are now at war—
And all I find in my heart to say
Is, let who love fighting *fight*—I *pay*.

The dinner is served and we fall to talk:
 "Methuen's incompetent! Buller's a fool!
The War Office, hardly able to walk,
 Must go to a French or a German school."
Sirs, if we Britons talk this way,
No wonder the battle was lost to-day!

A Man of Straw at Ladysmith

WE set him up against the sky—
A Tommy full of chaff and daring;
The Boer commando wondered why,
They cocked their rifles and let fly,
But not a straw was Tommy caring.

They shot him three times thro' the head,
As unconcerned as any mummy
He stood his ground; alive or dead,
He little recked of bullet lead,
For he was just a well-stuffed dummy.

At last a hundred-pounder hits,
And while all Ladysmith is laughing—
To think she fooled the Boerish wits,
Chaff-stuffed, poor Tommy goes to bits,
And all the marksmen get is—chaffing.

NOTE.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a correspondent of the *Natal Witness*, who escaped from Ladysmith:—

"Several of our soldiers were guilty of very shabby tricks on the guileless Boer. A squadron of Lancers in one of their patrols took with them one day a Lancer of straw. This figure was left near the Boer position, and viewed from a distance

looked a veritable cavalryman. The figure was left on a rock, and it was not long before the Boers were having shots at the soldier who so daringly exposed himself. Mauser bullets had no effect, and it is alleged that, getting exasperated, the Boers turned one of their big guns on the dummy. The truth was discovered only after a vast quantity of ammunition had been wasted. The Liverpools one day set up a row of effigies, and the Boers were driven nearly crazy by the indifference these men showed to their fire. Then there was the bogus artillery some of our people constructed one night on the Town Lands in front of Umbulwana. There were figures of men and something which looked like 15-pounders. The Boers blazed away at this battery, and 'knocked particular —— out of it,' as an artilleryman, with many delighted grins, said, only to find out that they were being fooled."

Old Mortality

A SKETCH AT LADYSMITH

WITH rifle, bible, luncheon-bag, and pipe,
We saw him going forth each day to snipe;
We watched him on the foemen get his bead
Then fire, then turn his Holy Book to read,
Some chapter from the Kings would suit his case,
That told how Israel smote a godless race,
How hip and thigh, at Heaven's august command
The Hebrew drove the Horite from the land;

He could not wish the modern Horites well
Seeing we hid in holes from shot and shell;
Or else from Kings he turned for hope and calm
To Kruger's late commended battle-psalm.*
Then could we note how he would luncheon take
—His bit of biltong and his barley-cake,
Or sudden sighting scouts upon the hill
Would lay his rifle true again with skill;
Then scratch his head and fill his ancient pipe,
Puff clouds, till chance once more should bid him snipe;
And so till evening sit and smoke and read,
Or on the far-off foeman get his bead,
Then rise, and from his boulder steal away
In hopes of more success another day.
We called him "Old Mortality," and came
Almost with love to think upon his name—
This Bible-reading, smoking, sniping Boer,
Whose shots were frequent if his bag was poor;
And tho' his humour was a little grim,
We sighed when Death the Sniper called for him.

* Psalm xxxiii.

Home from the Front for Christmas Day

My body lies upon the ground,
 My soul has slipped away,
I hardly felt the sting of wound
 So savage was the fray.

We fought, but whom we could not see;
 We stormed the mountain side,
Where every boulder seemed to be
 A rifle—and we died.

I fell; with lightning flash my mind
 Turned longingly for home;
I passed o'er land and seas to find
 That Christmastide had come.

The bells were ringing down the vale,
 The people walked to pray,
"God send us"—so I heard them hail—
 "A merrier Christmas Day!"

"This is a sorry time," they said,
"For Peace and for Goodwill,
Eight hundred wounded, lost or dead,
The Boers unshifted still!"

I whispered! "Others mourn for blood
Poured forth, for others fell,
—Shocked into dying as they stood
By burst of British shell."

The children passed, a merry band,
My spirit eyes were dim,
I, too, went once with book in hand,
To sing the Christmas Hymn.

The sexton stood with smile and nod
To greet the gathering crowd.
"The Christ is born, give praise to God,"
The eight bells rang aloud.

Breathed sweet of holly leaves and warm
The church threw wide its door,
With Christmas look and Christmas charm,
And peace for rich and poor.

I entered in, my mother knelt
At her accustomed place,
Her face was hid, but ah! I felt
The tears were on her face.

"Lord, cover Thou mine own son's head
In battle day," she cried,
She knew not that her boy was dead,
And I was at her side.

She knew not in the rain and sun
My body rotting lay;
But she could hear the foeman's gun
Boom murder far away.

"Forgive the people, Lord, we pray,
Who knowing of Thy will,
Go worshipping on Christmas Day,
But send our lads to kill."

"Oh! God," she groaned, "make battles cease
Where'er men fighting are;
This is the day ordained for peace,
Then wherefore give us war?"

The reader for the lesson took
Isaiah's words of old;
I muttered, "Close that holy book,
Not peace ye seek, but gold."

Then did the preacher choose for text,
"Peace and on earth good-will."
My spirit murmured, sorely vexed,
"Then Christians wherefore kill?"

But all the while my mother's face
 Beside the pillar there,
So spake to God that still the place
 It seemed a place of prayer.

And I was glad that I had died,
 And come from far away,
If but to know how mother cried
 For peace, that Christmas Day.

War and the Old Folks' Creed

ONCE more old folks we greet and meet,
 But some old friends are gone away;
Where'er they are, their rest is sweet—
 We cannot wish them back to-day.

Beyond the sound ot mortal strife
 That plunges half a world in tears,
They live in peace a fuller life,
 They know no pain of failing years.

Yet we who meet around this board
 Are not unhappy: crack and fun
Go forward, as if never sword
 Were drawn, nor Boer had fired a gun.

Our sixty years have set us far
 From sorrow of the trumpet's call;
This is our sons' and daughters' war:
 Their children fight, their children fall.

But we have had our sorrow's store;
 We know what Balaclava meant;
We heard the muskets round Cawnpore;
 Our few came back, our many went.

And this we folk of sixty years
 Assembled at these tables say:
God never planned these wars and tears,
 And Peace is the Diviner way.

NOTE.—At Keswick, each year, in Christmas week, all old people over 60 years are invited to what is locally known as "The Old Folks' Dinner." These verses were recited at the Old Folks' Dinner of 1899.

To Lord Roberts

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN SOUTH AFRICA

December 23, 1899

WHEN by the Tugela's bank the Terrible Ones
 Thundered in vain their storm upon the wall,
 And sudden, caught by hail of rifle ball,
Our men and horse went down beside the guns;
Then learned we well how true the red blood runs
 From sire to child, for many brave did fall,
 But none more swift to hear his country's call
Than that heroic soul that is your son's.

Go forth grey-headed warrior whom we love—
 Known by familiar name the army thro',
 Go forth—the son who in these five short years
 Had faced the Pathan, met the Mahdi's spears,
Lies in calm earth your hand must fight above,
 That holy grave claims guardianship of you.



The Queen to Lady Roberts

WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS

I SEND the cross your gallant son
In dying for his Queen has won,
You are his mother, and you gave
So much that made him true and brave,
That sending honour unto you,
I seem to give your boy his due;
No other hands have touched it, take
And keep it for your hero's sake.

NOTE.—The Queen, in giving the Victoria Cross in a sealed packet to Lady Roberts for her son who had died of wounds, which he received in trying to save the guns under heavy fire at Colenso, is reported to have said, "Do not open it till you get home, no other hands but mine have touched this."

The New Year, 1900

SHE comes with nigh an hundred years of fate
 Cast o'er her shoulders, on her brow the star
 Of Hope, but in her ears the sound of war,
And in her eyes deep sorrow for man's hate.
She comes to cast down all that was too great,
 And lift up those that humble-hearted are;
 For lo! she holds commission from afar,
She doth obey one only Potentate.

Weary of blood and battle-woe, she bears
 Within her hand the olive bough of peace,
 She points to One who brought the name from Heaven
Of Counsellor—and speaks to willing ears,
 Saying, His Government must needs increase
 Till back to hell the fiends of war are driven.

Britain's New Year

January 1, 1900

SHE sees the lips of half the nations curled,
She hears the serpent hiss of whispering hate
Mutter "Behold this Britain, that is great,
Reels and from off her ancient throne is hurled."
But still for right her banners are unfurled,
For justice are her sons confederate,
And bruised and brave she doth her hour await,
With resolute calm she fronts a wondering world.

One hand, one heart, she greets the coming year,
Knowing that deeper far within her soul
Than greed of power or Mammon's deadly lust
Lies hunger to fulfil her Heavenly trust,
And, claiming equal good for far and near,
To bring fair Freedom to her ultimate goal.

The Last Question

THE curse of battle has its antidote,
His were brave words, heart-medicine to give,
Who dumb, because his face was shot away,
Took pencil in his dying hand, and wrote
Not—"Doctor, have I any time to live?"
But—"Doctor, did we win the fight to-day?"

NOTE.—This incident was noted by Dr. Treves after the battle of Spion Kop, and was chronicled by him as an example of the pluck and spirit with which our brave men endured their terrible wounds, and forgot their pain in the cause of Queen and Country.

To the Men of the Border Regiment, Cumberland sends thanks and greetings for 1900

BORDERERS! Borderers! gallant and true!
Cumberland eyes are all gazing on you,
You who will answer when duty calls
To storm the terrible mountain walls.
From "spruit" and from "donga" to drive the foe,
Over the "drifts" to the rescue to go,
And shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand
To fight for your Queen and for Fatherland.
Borderers! Borderers! gallant and true!
Cumberland hearts are all praying for you,
Cumberland eyes and Cumberland prayers
Go with the Borderer boy who dares.



Stanton, Toronto.

THE EARL OF AVA.

In Memory of the late Earl of Ava

CÆSAR'S CAMP, LADYSMITH, *January* 6, 1900

At Elands Laagte, for want of a mount, he gallantly acted as galloper to his Colonel all through the day on foot. He fell fighting at Ladysmith.

BENEATH the pillared halls and purple hill
Of fair Athena, stands in carven stone
The man who brought the news from Marathon,
And died in act of bringing; for his will
O'ertaxed the heart that would its speed fulfil,
And broke it as he shouted "We have won!"
Our Britain boasts her battle-courier son—
Ah! would to God his heart were beating still.

He too shall have the warrior herald's meed
Who, light-foot as the deer of Clandeboye,
Ran without horse that dreadful battle morn;
Through storm of bullets urged his topmost speed,
That so his Colonel's word might well be borne,
And Britain's heart might feel the conqueror's joy.

In Memory of Lieutenant Cecil Arbuthnot White

COLESBERG, *Jan.* 6, 1900

SIX-feet-four if he stood an inch!
 Great of heart and giant of limb!
The Suffolks knew that he would not flinch,
 And Company "H" was proud of him.

Merry of manner and grave of mind,
 Wherever he went about him moved
A breeze of the meadows he left behind,
 A breath of the English home he loved.

"Company 'H'—be ready to-night,
 To-night we have work for men to do!"
He heard and smiled, and his mouth went tight,
 Ah, God! I could wish to see it thro'.

But I know there is One has hold of my hand,
 To-night I am going to face my cross,
I came to die for the dear old land,
 And a soldier's dying is gain, not loss.



Broad, Dover.

LIEUT. CECIL ARBUTHNOT WHITE.

Camly and brave he strode to his tent,
 Looked to his rifle and bayonet-sword,
Thought of the mother and home, and sent
 His last few wishes, his farewell word.

Then to the blinding dark he passed
 Unwavering—spoke to his comrades near,
What if to-night were on earth the last,
 His spirit might linger, his voice might cheer.

"Steady, old Twelfth!" the colonel said,
 "We shall win a badge for the flag to-night."
But on Colesberg Kopje he lies stark dead,
 And the Suffolks groan in their prisoner plight.

For none could tell of the how and when
 Five hundred came where were fifty at most,
None knew Johannesberg's flower of men
 Had made a handful into a host.

Like cats we climbed with our muffled feet,
 The merciful moon sank down in cloud,
Each heard like a drum his own heart beat,
 And the hush of our breathing sounded loud.

When out of the darkness rang our name,
 "Charge!" and the whole hill blazed in fire,
"Charge, Suffolks, charge!" then silence came,
 Silence—and groans—and the word "Retire!"

"Retire!" but one can feel no smart,
Nor shame for the sorrowful battle's end.
Three bullets have pierced as true a heart
As ever on duty found Death friend.

NOTE.—Lieutenant White had a presentiment before he left England that he would fall in battle, and on the night of the attack on Colesberg, he returned to his tent, and wrote a letter home which shows that he felt that he was going to his death. Courage in face of such presentiment is the kind of courage that makes heroes and fills the darkness of a battle day with stars that never set.

Gallant Manchesters

CÆSAR'S CAMP, *January* 6, 1900

WE had no captain to lead us,
No colonel to give us command,
But we knew the old country would need us
Like heroes to stand.

The stars were undimmed when the rattle
Of rifles rang out for the fight,
And the stars ere the end of the battle
Above us were bright.

Sixteen of us faced a full host there,
Fifteen of us fated to fall;
And the Devonshires found at their post there
One man left of all.

We fought from the dawn till the even,
We stood with the Manchesters' pride;
I speak—by the mercy of Heaven
I live,—but they died.

Brave Manchesters, ever a far light
Shall stream from your trench and your mound;
Where you fought so from starlight to starlight,
Stars burn from the ground.

NOTE.—Sir George White, speaking at Capetown on March 27, gave as an instance of the bravery of our troops during the Boer attack on Ladysmith on January 6, the following fact:—On that day sixteen of the Manchester Regiment, without any officers to guide or direct them, held a remote position at Cæsar's Camp from three o'clock in the morning till nightfall. When the Devonshires reinforced the fighting line at that point, and the enemy were repulsed, it was found that fourteeen of these brave men were lying dead; another was wounded; and only one remained unscathed.

At Cæsar's Camp

LADYSMITH, *Jan.* 6

SERGEANT HOPE! we may forget
How the Boers in fence were set
To storm and to re-form and to storm at Cæsar's Hill.
But the man who, when he fell—
Arm and leg shot off by shell—
From the gun-trail cheerly cried:
"Roll my body, mates, aside,
Never heed me, never stay,
Let the good gun blaze away!"
He's the gunner of the gunners that our hearts remember still.

NOTE.—Sir George White, speaking at Capetown, on Tuesday, March 27, made mention of the gallantry of Sergeant Hope, of the Royal Artillery, on the occasion of the attack of the Boers on Cæsar's Camp. He said: "As his battery was going into action he was struck by a shell, which carried away his arm and leg. As his helpless and almost lifeless body fell across the trail of the gun, he urged his comrades to do their duty, and shouted to them: 'Throw me out of the way, boys. Go on working the gun.'"

To Captain George Kemp, M.P.

FROM LANCASHIRE, THANKS

WE had no bayonets there to fix,
 And we were in a snare,
But Kemp had learned the Boerish tricks,
 And Kemp could do and dare;
The night was still, his voice was large,
"Fix bayonets, men!" he cried, "and charge!"

Just now the darkness hummed and chirred,
 Just now it spat with fire;
Flame ceased, and thro' the mist we heard
 Boer voices shout, "Retire!"
Their sheathes our phantom bayonets found,
And soon the "boys" were sleeping sound.

NOTE.—A company of the Lancashire Yeomanry, under Captain Kemp, were surprised and attacked in force on a pitch-dark night. It would have gone hard with them had not their captain ordered them, in a clear, loud voice, to fix bayonets. It was a ruse, for they had no bayonets, but it succeeded.



CAPT. GEORGE KEMP.

Gus. Kenderdine,]Blackpool.

A Graveside Memory at Colesberg

January 7, 1900

TENDERLY down the hill we bore them,
Riddled with bullets, shattered with shell;
Never a cry was lifted o'er them,
Never a tear above them fell.

Friendlily came the Boers beside them,
Muttered, "Poor fellows, so worn and thin!"
Helped us to hollow the trench to hide them,
Helped us to carefully lay them in.

Hornily-handed, rough of faces,
All their battle wrath passed away;
It seemed the hearts of the sundered races
Were one for love of the dead that day.

Solemnly, then, we read the verses
"Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!"
And gave our mates to the last of nurses—
The pitiful earth in whose peace we trust.

Kindlily up there stepped a foeman,
 Stepped to the grave and prayed a prayer,
Never a son of a British woman
 But felt the breath of the Lord was there.

Faithfully, humbly, did he pray it—
 Prayed to the Father of foe and friend
To look from Heaven at last and stay it,
 —Make of this terrible war an end.

Plaintively then uprose their chorus—
 A hymn to the God of the warless years;
The tender heart of a girl came o'er us;
 We sobbed, and turned from the grave in tears.

NOTE.—An old Bedford Modern boy, Rupert Brearey, now at the front with the R.A.M. Corps, writes as follows, from Colesberg, under date January 7th, 1900:—

"One of the Boer Medical Officers rode to us under a Red Cross flag and asked us to go and bury our dead, which, of course, we did. But the sight of those poor fellows lying on the hill, some of them dreadfully riddled with bullets, I can never forget. The Boers were very good; in fact, one would hardly have thought that they were our enemies. They talked to us quite freely, and helped us to dig the grave and to carry the dead. There was one very touching little incident. After our Major had read the Burial Service (from the Prayer Book L. and D. gave me in January, 1896), one of the Boers stepped out and said a short prayer, hoping the war would soon end, and while we stood with heads uncovered they sang a hymn in Dutch. It cut our fellows up very much indeed; in fact we could not speak for some time."

The Dead Boy and the Dying Boer

My hands are knotted, my face is scarred,
 My heart for a human heart is tough,
For a mounted policeman's life is hard,
 And the ways of the veldt and the vaal are rough.

But I cried like a child a week ago,
 And felt as weak as a boy again,
The tears that had long forgotten to flow,
 Came tumbling down on my beard like rain.

It was after the battle,—I found a man
 Propped on his arm: he was breathing fast:
I knew by the way the red blood ran,
 And the sweat of his brow, that he could not last.

But I put my foot on his rifle sure,
 For a serpent scotched will sometimes turn,
And a snake in the grass is a wounded Boer,
 As all who fight in the veldt may learn.

And he raised his head and he gave a groan,
 And he said, "My friend, too late! farewell!
Look to the others, leave me alone,
 But where is the boy at my side when I fell."

So I searched the wreck of the ghastly pile
 God meant for life, by the shattered gun,
And I saw in the midst a face with a smile
 Set fast by Death,—I had found his son.

I wiped the stain of blood from his face,
 That boy at his side when the father fell,
And the cry of pity, the fierce embrace
 Of dead with the dying, I scarce may tell.

"Ah; God be praised! we shall meet so soon!
 For the old veldt farm it was good you died!"
Then his head sunk back in the last long swoon.
 And father and son stood side by side.

NOTE.—This incident was described in a letter from one of the bearer companies' men after a battle :—

"We were out looking after the wounded at night, when the fight was over, when I came across an old, white-bearded Boer. He was lying behind a bit of rock supporting himself on his elbows. I was a bit wary of the old fellow at first. Some of these wounded Boers, we've found, are snakes in the grass. You go up to them with the best intentions. and the next thing you know is that the man you were going to succour is blazing at you with his gun.

"So," the letter goes on, "I kept my eye on the old chap. But when I got near I saw that he was too far gone to raise his rifle. He was gasping hard for breath, and I saw he was not long for this world. He motioned to me that he wanted to speak, and I bent over him. He asked me to go and find his son—a boy of thirteen who had been fighting by his side when he fell.

"Well, I did as he asked me," continues the writer, "and under a heap of wounded I found the poor lad, stone dead, and I carried him back to his father. Well, you know I'm not a chicken-hearted sort of a fellow. I have seen a bit of fighting in my time, and that sort of thing knocks all the soft out of a chap.

"But," this correspondent confesses, "I had to turn away when the old Boer saw his dead lad. He hugged the body to him and moaned over it, and carried on in a way that fetched a big lump in my throat. Until that very moment I never thought how horrible war is. I never wanted to see another shot fired. And when I looked round again the old Boer was dead, clasping the cold hand of his dead boy."

The Day of Intercession

A VILLAGE HYMN

GOD, in Whose hand the issues are,
When nations rage with fire and sword,
By Whose decree the scourge of war
Fulfils a more than mortal word,
Let battle-pride and warrior-lust
Henceforth lie silent in the dust.

With Thee the centuries are in sight,
Thou dost the far-off future plan
When right shall triumph over might,
And brotherhood be known to man;
Lord, in this dreadful battle-hour,
Reveal Thy face and come with power.

Make humble all that was too high,
To chastened eyes in mercy show
Where true imperial treasures lie;
Cast down the lofty, raise the low;
And out of pain, by loss subdued,
Lead forth a faithful multitude.

Give strength and calm in good and ill,
Be with the fallen, foe or friend;
Lord God of Hosts, if, by Thy will
We stand victorious at the end,
Give us Thy help divine to be
More just, more merciful for Thee.

The City Imperial Volunteers at St. Paul's

Saturday, January 13, 1900

"FIGHT the good fight, with all thy might!"
Our music echoed from the walls;
It filled the dome with sound and light,
It shook the cross upon St. Paul's.

The great cathedral-church's womb
Was stirred and quick for life and birth,
The Duke rose up within his tomb
And came again with power to earth.

"Fight as I fought the fight who stood
On Albuera's fateful day,
At Badajoz when drenched in blood
Our thousands cast their lives away.

"'Fight the good fight! maintain the right!'—
The right of all men to be free—
The God who armed my soul for fight,
Shall lead us still to victory."

There, as I listened, lo, a hymn
Came over fields made waste by war,
A grand Te Deum seemed to swim
Up-borne on wings of praise from far.

In Ladysmith's beleaguered town
Safe-gathered to a house of prayer,
I saw the soldier chieftains own
The God of Battle's love and care.

Before the altar-step they bent,
The scars of fight were on their brow,
A soldier's oath—the Sacrament—
Was never sworn with fuller vow.

And standing in the holy place,
War-weary, grim with battle stain,
They thanked their God for all His grace,
And sang the grand Te Deum strain.

No wonder that the echoing walls
Had called the Iron Duke from rest;
No marvel that the great St. Paul's
Was filled with melody he blest.

"Fight the good fight! maintain the right!"
Lord God, our sons, where'er they be,
Shall feel Thy presence is their might,
And, conquerors, shall remember Thee.

LADYSMITH, JAN. 8 (BY RUNNER TO PIETERMARITZBURG, JAN. 17).

Yesterday (Sunday), Jan. 7th, a solemn thanksgiving service to Almighty God for His blessing upon our arms, was held in the Anglican Church. The building was crowded, chiefly by soldiers. The congregation also included General Sir George White, General Sir Archibald Hunter, Colonel Ian Hamilton, and other Staff officers.

At the conclusion of the sermon by Archdeacon Barker General White and his Staff, at the invitation of the Archdeacon, proceeded to the altar rails, and there stood whilst a *Te Deum* was sung. It was a most impressive spectacle, and it came to a thrilling conclusion by the singing by the congregation of "God Save the Queen."

Mistaken Kindness

He's an absent-minded beggar—that's no reason we should take
Advantage of poor Tommy's absent mind,
Blow him up with pies, at parting, till his belt begins to break,
Fill him full of farewell-liquor till he's blind.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he's going over sea
To do the solemn thing he's got to do,
To pound away at Kruger and the Boers for you and me,
And to give his life for Queen and country too.

He's an absent-minded beggar—then why hand him three months' pay
Just to fool away in drinking ere he goes;
Keep his pay! and give him baccy for a pipe upon the way!
And send him brave but sober on his foes.

We are absent-minded beggars—if we feel a twinge
of shame
As we see Reservists rolling down the street,
Please remember in our kindness we were cruel all
the same
When we stood the absent-minded beggar treat.

[*Extract from the letter of the Bishop of Chester in the* CHESTER COURANT, *January* 3, 1900:

OUR DEPARTING RESERVISTS—MISTAKEN HOSPITALITY.

"SIR,—May I be allowed to express what I know to be the strong and widely felt regret that, through a well-meant but most cruel kindness, our Reservists are being tempted at the solemn and touching hour of farewell to become the victims of drink? We all honour the Reservists for their splendid patriotism. We are all resolved, not only to look after their wives and families during their absence, but to provide them with wholesome comforts for their start and journey. Our Mayor is giving us the lead, but the scenes of excess due to ill-judged hospitality which have been heard of in other cities and which are, I fear, not unknown in Chester, shock, and ought to shock, the public conscience. It is a most unhallowed and ill-omened beginning of what is in itself a noble enterprise. The responsibility lies at the door, not of the military authorities, who detest the whole thing, but partly at least at the doors of mistaken friends and admirers. In the earnest hope that sympathy and admiration may take a more manly and Godly shape, and that the Reservists themselves may shew that they have moral as well as physical courage, I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant, "F. J. CESTR.

"The Palace, Chester, *January* 2, 1900."]

N.B.—By the Service regulations the Reservists are allowed to withdraw the balance of their reserve-pay, which usually amounts to about £3, at the moment of mobilisation and departure. This is questionable wisdom.

A Hero of Spion Kop

January 24, 1900

WE climbed the bitter hill of death,
The air was mad with sound,
With flowers of fire the foemen's wreath
Of hate was woven round.

Thin earth upon that ridge accursed
Our sappers seemed to mock,
And every shell that hummed and burst
Broke fiercer for the rock.

Once momently in desperate case
A white flag waved aloft,
The Boers rushed in, but feared to face
Our lion Thornycroft.

Where all were lions why speak of him,
For till the word "Retire!"
Never did British pluck more grim
Endure such hell of fire.



Hills & Saunders, York Town.

LIEUT. H. A. C. WILSON.

Yet I who know how heroes died
Within that bitter ring,
Saw one who shall not be denied
Such praise as poets bring.

For honour's sake, high souled, he fell,
And put all scorn to shame,
The men of Middlesex may tell—
—I know not of his name.

Young, with his beardless men, he stood,
Boer bullets sputtering near,
The fire of wrath was in his blood,
He heard the veterans jeer.

"If these are chickens, as you say,
At least their hearts are true,
No men are surer here to-day
To give the foe his due."

There by the shallow trench he walked,
As cool as on parade,
Now to a comrade cheerly talked,
Now lent the wounded aid.

Here would he stop and take in hand
Some rifle, test the sight,
There give his ringing clear command,
"Aim men to left! to right!"

Close and more close the foemen crept,
His men were fierce at bay,
Then straight to the open forth he stepped
To draw their fire away.

Wounded and bleeding still he went
Along that ridge of strife.
Men said some angel with him went,
He bore a charmèd life:

When sudden, Heaven and earth were shocked
By thunder-burst of shell,
And, for his "boys" the veterans mocked,
Stone-dead the hero fell.

NOTE.—In all the lurid tale of battle and sudden death at Spion Kop, as told by Mr. Winston Churchill, nothing was more moving than the touching incident of the gallant young lieutenant of the Middlesex Regiment, whose name unhappily is not known, though the manner of his heroic death will long be remembered. His troops were young and excited the derision of some of the veterans of Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry. Their officer was indignant at the slight put upon them, and to encourage them, though the Boer riflemen were barely 200 yards away, he walked up and down along the trench, speaking to the men and seeing to the sighting of their rifles; wounded, yet he would not take shelter, but continued to draw the enemy's fire until he was shot dead. — *The Times*, Wednesday, October 31, 1900.

Mr. Winston Churchill, writing us from Bradford under date November 13, says: "The name of the young officer I have found out is Lieutenant H. A. C. Wilson, the son of the Rev. A. Wilson, Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Chiswick.— *Standard*, November 14, 1900.

To the High Court of Parliament

At this time under Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Assembled

February 5, 1900

YOU with the fear of God before your eyes now,
You who remember whence our fathers sprung,
In the hushed Parliament will ye not arise now,
Shame with your words sincere the double tongue

Now, while the work of countless generations
Hangs in the balance, to a grain of dust,
Whether it win the mocking of the nations
Or prove victorious, merciful and just.

Will ye not say, foreknowing all the sorrow—
Lovers of peace but wielders of the sword—
We, with the hope of larger peace to-morrow,
Keep for all children of the flag our word.

Say, that beyond all Charters men decry for us,
Dearer than gold or diamond's dazzling fee,
This is our Charter—Faith with all who die for us,
This is our gold—the love of liberty.

Say that the gauge is cast, the doom decided.
 Let those who fear, misdoubting of the end,
Know that the nation, one and undivided,
 Claims the true heart that quails not now, for friend.

Yea, tell it forth most solemn and unhastingly,
 Somewhere, behind our wondrous battle-swarm,
God with His Will to usward everlastingly
 Hides His deep purpose, and we trust His arm.

A Cry from Cape Town to Westminster

February 6th, 1900

THE House is filled with barren cries
 And clamour of debate—
There on the veldt a trooper lies,
 Beyond all noise and hate.

He died; but for no party cause;
 One light before him shone:
His country's claim, his Queen's applause—
 He left the task half done.

Sick of this windy, wordy war,
 The soul of England turns
To where, beneath a nobler star,
 Her flag of honour burns.

Is this a time for party gain?
 To Britain's Council Hall
The hundreds captive, hundreds slain,
 Cry "Help us! one and all!"

Was it for "cock-shy" or for game
 Of faction—white and black—
The Great Colonial Empire came
 To drive the invader back?

I hear a voice from half the world:
 "Cease, brothers, praise or blame,
Lest freedom from her throne be hurled,
 And Peace be but a name!"

The Bugler's Wish

"WHAT shall we give to you, bugler boy,
For the bugle they lost in the Tugela's wave
The day you fell on Colenso plain?"
And the bugler-laddie he answered brave,
"Give?—give me leave, in the Queen's employ,
To go to the Front with my bugle again!"

When the Royal party were going through the wards at Netley Hospital one of the Princesses asked the little bugler Dunne, who was the first to fall wounded in the Colenso fight, and whose bugle was thrown into the Tugela as he was being carried in to the hospital tent, what mark of favour he would wish the Queen to bestow on him, and he answered cheerily, "Leave to go to the Front again!"



Amey, Portsmouth.

BUGLER DUNNE.

The Relief of Kimberley

February 15, 1900

DEEP in the mines our women-folk
Sat on with fear and gloom,
Above our heads the shrapnel broke,
The shells went by with doom.

Men ran for shelter or from fate,
Gongs clanged and whistles blew,
With humming roar and wind of hate
The hundred-pounders flew.

Ah, pleasant 'tis to see the sun,
But, tho' our hearts were brave,
We felt that day, beside our gun,
Half jealous of the grave.

For how can mortals dispossessed
Of sleep, by famine tried,
But hope they too at last may rest,
And wish they too had died.

On Alexanderfontein's slope
We stood that noon at bay,
The fountains of our failing hope
Were ebbing fast away.

The blue-dust levels of the plain
To sudden cloud were stirred,
Towards us straight with loosened rein,
A thousand horsemen spurred.

And who are these? or foe or friend?
Fling out the flag and cry
To Him who now can succour send,
Or give us strength to die!

The gunner trained his gun with care,
The cloud came on apace,
Our flag flew full into the air
As if it knew our case.

Then over plain, and trench and mound,
Rang out such British cheer
That even our women underground
Could feel that help was near.

God! how the Boers made haste to go;
While riding, knee to knee,
They came, scouts dancing to and fro
Before the squadrons three.

Then, in its triumph, all the town
Streamed out toward the ford,
And not a heart but dared to own
God's grace, and thanked the Lord.

Sunburnt and grim the horsemen stood,
Their trappings grey with loam,
The horses' curbs were red with blood,
Their flanks were flecked with foam.

We kissed each hand, caressed each steed,
With tears and cheers and smiles
We blessed the men who knew our need,
And rode their hundred miles.

To the Hero of Kimberley

February 16th, 1900

BRITAIN sends to her hero greeting:
Thrice has filled and has failed the moon,
But you it is who have kept hearts beating
Brave in the leaguer, at night and noon:
Sprung from Lincolnshire, nursed in Devonshire,
Yours is a name that shall not fade soon.

Kekewich! you thro' the storm and smother,
A hundred days with their hundred ills,
You welded the white to his black-faced brother,
You cheered their spirit, confirmed their wills,
Slept by snatches and kept your watches, and
Saved the Town of the Diamond Hills.

Kekewich! even the dead rejoice now,
Kimberley riflemen, men of the rose*;

* The Loyal Lancastrians, upon whom, with the Kimberley Rifles, the brunt of the siege fell wear as a badge the Red Rose of the House of Lancaster.



Brown, Bangalore.

COL. KEKEWICH.

He, too, the gallant,* tho' hushed his voice now,
First to flame from your gate on the foes;
Heroes, a crowd of them, Britain is proud of them,
Yea, as she thanks you, she thinks upon those.

* Major Scott-Turner, who was killed as he led one of the sorties during the siege of Kimberley, will ever be remembered as one of the heroes of the beleaguered town.

Pat O'Leary's Grave

HE was the life and soul of all,
On march, in camp, so blithe and cheery,
The merriest heart e'er pierced by ball,
But laughterless lay Pat O'Leary.

About our fallen friend we stood,
We felt the blankness of to-morrow,
The sword of broken brotherhood
Pierced every heart with pain and sorrow.

We wrapped him in his blanket shroud,
 There in his shallow grave we laid him,
And vows of vengeance fiercely vowed,
 Vows—ah, how powerless to aid him!

No priest was there, no book nor rite,
 No cloudy censer o'er him swinging;
And minds just cooling from a fight
 Forgot all solemn words for singing.

But we remembered Christ's own prayer,
 And calm and peace its saying brought us,
As leaning on our rifles there
 We prayed the words our mothers taught us—

"Our Father." We are brothers still;
 The march is hard—the camp more dreary,
But somewhere, cheerly, up the hill
 He'll lead us homeward, Pat O'Leary.

NOTE.—A soldier writing home says: "We helped to bury the poor fellow, who was the life and soul of us; but the Major had not got a prayer-book, and we could none of us remember the right collects, and so we just stood round the grave, and all together said 'Our Father.'"

Love, the Conqueror

He was a man of rugged face,
 A hundred battles in his eyes,
He listened to a piteous case,
 He had compassion on the cries.

Her lord in that beleaguered town
 Lay hurt to death by shot and shell,
And love far over land had flown
 To look one look and say farewell.

He heard her tale and muttered low
 "Love is more strong than fire or sword."
He bade her pass—that gallant foe—
 And sent her to her dying lord.

Line after line the foeman sent
 Swift challenge, swifter answer came,
Safe on her way the brave wife went
 And took for escort Joubert's name

Scarred faces crept from underground
To gaze upon that gentle form,
Grim holders they of trench and mound,
A woman's heart alone could storm.

She passed thro' ramparts battle-worn,
Down streets ploughed deep by hurtling shell;
She found him near to death, forlorn
Of hope, for whom she dared so well.

Rough men were melted into tears
To think how nobly Love had striven,
And three times three our British cheers
For gallant Joubert went to Heaven.

NOTE.—A message dated Ladysmith, Feb. 17th, says—"Much regret is felt for the death of Major Doveton, an able and popular officer of the Light Horse, who was severely wounded during one of the recent fights, and had his arm amputated. His wife, on hearing by heliograph of his condition, asked for and obtained permission from General Joubert, through General White, to pass through the Boer lines that she might nurse her dying husband."

Saturday Night and Sunday Morn

A Contrast, February 24-25, 1900

SATURDAY NIGHT

NOW sleep is on the mountain tarn,
And silence in the vale;
I hear the herdman shut the barn
And hang the milking-pail.

Unto our lowly cottage stars
The great stars shine above,
And over Wythop's western bars
God lights the lamp of love.

Of one more week of care and moil
The dale is dispossest,
And all who till and all who toil
Turn gratefully to rest.

But there, in fields forlorn of peace,
Foe stands with foe at bay,
And loud with war that cannot cease
Grim rolls the earth to day.

SUNDAY MORNING

From out the vale the clouds are drawn
To join their angel throng,
Through dusky boughs to dewy lawn
The thrush begins his song.

This is the day our shepherds hold
Their Sabbath; up the fells,
Across the lake, by farm and fold,
I hear the Crosthwaite bells.

With dream of Heaven the mellow chime
Floats up and fills the air,
Hands worn with labour now have time
To clasp and close in prayer.

There with worn hands that know no sleep,
Stern Cronje and his braves
In Sabbath hope are digging deep
The refuge of their graves.

The Queen at Netley

THEY spake not, but their wounds were eloquent
As there they stood in hospital array,
The pain of sword and bullet passed away
While on from ward to ward Victoria went;
And here she thanked them for their brave intent,
There for some tender question would she stay;
Here speak with sorrow of the battle day,
There smile such smile as more than praises meant.

Lady revered, for whom all men endure
The heat of onset gladly, and the cold
Of loss and failure, love is ever green
To crown your royal head with more than gold;
When all the thrones are shaken yours is sure,
Seeming so much more mother than a Queen.

NOTE.—One of the Gordon Highlanders, writing of the Queen's visit to Netley to see the wounded, said, "It was the proudest moment of my life; the Queen spoke to us all; she seemed much more a mother than a Queen."

To Kronje on Majuba Day

February 27th, 1900

KRONJE, on this inglorious battle day
That gave you deathless glory, on the hill
Whose crown of honour and dishonour still
Is as a crown of sorrow and dismay
For all who strive for peace; now held at bay,
At last must Britain bend you to her will,
And all your warrior wit and soldier skill,
Your hate, your pride, must silent pass away.

But, Kronje, by the Modder long shall stand
The trench, the mound, that in your sore distress
Gave shelter to your fire-encircled band;
Memorials of your stubborn-hearted hand,
Long shall they tell your grim resourcefulness
And praise the laager-king of Koodoosrand.



GEN. KRONJE.

The Relief of Ladysmith

TO GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, FEBRUARY 28, 1900

LADYSMITH ours?
Now praised be the powers!
 Here's to you, Buller, my heart and my hand!
Bells rouse the people,
And flags from each steeple
 Flutter to utter the joy of the land.

Thrice unprevailing,
With courage unfailing,
 Doggedly British, you still dared the deed;
Knowing what faced you,
You knew how we placed you,
 Valiant and gallant to help at our need.

Thanks like a fountain
Shall flow; for each mountain
 Flame-girt and steel-girt in anger arose,
Ridge to ridge yielding
More desperate shielding,
 All the ground—trench and mound—packed with the foes.

Not that for mothers,
For sisters, for brothers,
 You fought incessantly twelve fighting days,
But that you played the game
True to our ancient name,
 Buller! ne'er fuller was Britain of praise.

Ladysmith ours?
Fly flags from all towers!
 Half-mast were better! we think of the dead:
They who at Freedom's gate
Thundered and met their fate,
 We own them, we crown them; the heroes you
 led.



SIR REDVERS H. BULLER, V.C.

In the Burial-Ground at Ladysmith

THERE'S a little cypress grove outside the town,
 There's a little shady slope by Wagon Hill,
Where the earth is all new-thrown
 And the air is very still.

But the flag of Britain like a beacon waves
 Thro' the cypress shade and o'er the fresh-dug ground,
And above six hundred graves
 I can hear a solemn sound.

Sound, it seems, of a rejoicing multitude,
 Who, after sorrow, see an end of pain;
"We have given," they cry, "our blood,
 Let our gifts be not in vain!"

To General Sir George White

BRAVE, knightly, tender-hearted, tried and true,
White, with your twenty thousand cooped up close,
Shut in by mountains belching fire—by foes
Outflanked, outnumbered, while the four moons grew
And waned with pitiless look of death, you knew
How thrice to the height of Heaven our good hope rose,
How thrice it fell—with sore increase of woes,
While famine more than shell-fire claimed its due.

Yet with your inexhaustible gift of grace
By fireless hearths you kept our hearts aflame,
And tangled in that net by Boerish wiles,
Held your beleaguered ring of fourteen miles
Inviolate; yea, in Death's own dwelling-place
Nursed Life, till Life thro' Death victorious came.



Cowell, India.

GEN. SIR GEORGE WHITE.

Balliol to George Steevens

War Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"; he died at Ladysmith of enteric fever

THE buds on the Balliol chestnuts begin to bloom,
All things in the earth that are hidden are moving to life,
But away in the hills, and beyond the Tugĕla stream,
Where the air still reeks with the scent of the horrible strife,
One heart cannot ever unfold its blossoming store,
One seed that is deep in the earth is stirred no more.

True knight in the armour of honour that shone like the sun,
Whose pen was a sword double-edged to save or to slay,
Young victor of worlds! with your triumph but just begun,
Ah! Steevens, this is our grief that you could not stay,
To show that the humble of heart are the great of soul,
To prove that the lovers of Britain have good for goal.

For you were a child of a time when your Father-
land
Felt power, and feared, as it felt, it was unto
death,
When the Titan stretched to the end of the world a
hand,
And quailed and doubtingly drew imperial breath,
And you had a message to bid his heart not fear,
If only the heart were right, and the soul sincere.

Gallant and generous, kindly to others who fail,
Others you praised, to yourself relentless and
stern,
Whether, word-painter, you told your Indian tale,
Or followed the fortune of war to old Nilus urn,
Keen-eyed adventurer, simple, selfless, and pure,
Tempered in mind like a blade, to smite and
endure.

Now is the sword in a scabbard that none can draw,
There in the dark and the dumbness of Lady-
smith dust;
But some of the sorrow we see your brave eyes saw,
For some of the joy you are seeing, we wait and
trust,
And here as we crown you, truth-teller of battles,
the king,
We hope with your hope for the nation's promise of
spring.



THE GRAVE OF G. W. STEEVENS.

Starved to Death

AT LADYSMITH

In English meadows were we foaled,
 In lands of peace afar,
Yet ever were our true hearts bold
 To face the flames of war;
Ah, wherefore send your friends away,
Who ask but one poor wisp of hay.

Tho' never reared for Afric sun
 And grassless dusty plain,
We bore your scouts, we toiled at gun,
 And ne'er refused the rein.
We ask but one poor wisp of hay,
Ah, wherefore drive us pined away.

For you it was we crossed the seas,
 And, where the strife and din
Waxed fiercest, felt our riders' knees
 And bore them safely in.
We only ask a wisp of hay,
Ah! drive us not to starve away.

Was it for this your bugle call
 Has bade our hearts rejoice?
For this, in battle as in stall,
 We heard the captain's voice?
We ask but one poor wisp of hay,
In mercy turn us not away.

Is it in vain that night and morn
 We came a docile band,
To claim our water and our corn,
 And feel our master's hand?
Far better, friends, outright to slay,
Than thus refuse a wisp of hay!

NOTE.—One of the saddest sights of the siege at Ladysmith, and one of the things that seemed to go most to the hearts of our troopers, was this: Day after day their starving chargers came crowding up to the tents to whinny piteously for food, which was perforce denied them. Their numbers grew less, but as they grew less the difficulty of driving back from the lines those gaunt famished horses became greater.

The Horrors of War

THIS is the horror of war that there men slay
 And hunt the murderous valleys, leagued with death,
 While here with calm and inconsiderate breath
Men talk of battle, pass the time of day
And buy and sell and feast, as who should say
 "Pour out the wine and weave the rosy wreath!
 And sing and laugh and toast"! while underneath
The banquet-board a man uncoffined lay.

This is the horror of war, we grow to steel
 Who take the steel to make our kingdom great,
This is the horror of war, the wild appeal
 To force of arms lets loose the fiends of hate,
This is the horror of war, all hearts that feel
 Grow, without feeling, less compassionate.

The Star of Chivalry

THEY raised aloft the white-flag sign
 Of full surrender all men trust,
Then volleyed from the firing line
 And many a gallant bit the dust;
But unrevengeful, calm and brave
Our men marched forward and forgave.

Within the red-cross waggon stored
 Their Maxims stole from out the fight,
Then sang they psalms unto the Lord
 And praised Him that He blessed the right:
But unrevengeful, calm and brave
Our men marched forward and forgave.

They picked the women's laager out
 And rained upon it shot and shell,
They caught the Cape-boy on the scout
 And treated him like fiends from hell;
But unrevengeful, calm and brave
Our men marched forward and forgave.

Barbed wire for man and horse they set
 Deep in the smiling river's bed,
In ways we never can forget
 Cut-purses they, they robbed our dead;
But unrevengeful, calm and brave
Our men marched forward and forgave.

Bewildering battle, bitter war—
 The last for Britain that shall be,
At least upon thy brow one star
 Shines bright the Star of Chivalry;
Since unrevengeful, calm and brave
Our men marched forward and forgave.

A Warlike Spring

SPRING comes, but comes no spring-tide cheer again,
The voices of the birds are full of sorrow,
All night the brown-owl wakes the wood with pain,
The cushat tells her grief to each to-morrow.

Again the red anemones arise,
The tulips stand, where once in joy they stood,
I cannot look on their ensanguined dyes,
Without grim thought of battle and of blood.

The blackbirds fight as if March set them on
To slay and slay till hate were satisfied,
The cheery chaffinch doth a helmet don,
And seems to clasp a sabre to his side.

And, wandering up Helvellyn's solemn steep,
I hear the raven bark with warlike sound,
While the rams snort and stamp, and run and leap
Shock head to head, and shake the air with sound.

But somewhere in the vale I hear a voice
That tells me peace and love again is ours;
Lambs bleat, and little children now rejoice,
With coltsfoot and the golden willow flowers..

Roll on then, mournful March to happier May,
Let every thorn be clothed again with stars;
God in His Heaven shall yet on earth have way,
The Spring will come, that knows not any wars.

To Rimington, King of the Scouts

RIMINGTON, do you remember our Beacon that stands
With its eyes to the north and the south, to the east and the west,
The hill autumn-gold as a tiger, dark spotted with bands
Of the fir, and the larches like khaki, in march, on its breast.

Beneath that old Beacon of war your beloved are at home,
At home in the peace and the quiet of Cumberland fields,
But, for one thought you give us, our thoughts in their thousand will come
To cheer you, to arm you, to be in the battle as shields.

For we think of you—Lord of your Tigers so stealthy and strong,
Lying out in the dewy-cold veldt, horses roped head to head;



RIMINGTON, KING OF THE SCOUTS.

And we see you spring swift to your saddle and scatter along
Keen-nosed for the scent of the foeman—or fighting—or fled.

Ah, Rimington, never was mother more proud of her son
On the day that you pushed through the dust of the Kimberley plain,
When in front of the squadrons you led to the honour they won,
You rode to the long-prisoned city and eased it of pain.

The Beacon stands red over Penrith with eyes to the north,
Our eyes and our hearts to the southward are watching for you,
It was hence that the King of the Scouts to his kingdom went forth,
It is here he shall come to the throne of our thanks that are due.

But, Rimington, Lord of your Tigers, the morn shall arise
When the child shall lead even the tiger through forest and lawn;

And I know by the tears nigh forbid in your brave
mother's eyes,
One soul prays that day of the Lord is beginning
to dawn.

NOTE.—Rimington's Scouts have won themselves a name that will not soon be forgotten by their intrepid daring in South Africa, they guided General French's forces to the relief of Kimberley, and were the first to enter the town. They gained the name of "Tiger," not only for their strength and stealth, but by the wearing of a piece of tiger-skin in their hats. The mother of their gallant leader, now a colonel in the Inniskilling Dragoons, lived at Penrith, in Cumberland. It was from Penrith he started for his hazardous duty in South Africa.



LIEUT. POPHAM.

How They Saved the Wagon Bridge at Bethulie

March 12, 1900

FOEMEN stormed with shot and shell
Set their mines and mined them well,
Bored the piers and plugged them tight
With their treacherous dynamite.
Popham, gallantest of men,
Knew our need, the why, the when,
Heedless of the rifled ridge,
Pouring death upon the bridge,
Crossed and cut the fateful wires,
Crept back to his Derbyshires,
Called for men, returned again
Thro' the bitter bullet-rain,
From the trenches left and right
Stole the kegs of dynamite,
Stole and with devoted band
Dared to carry death in hand
Calmly back thro' shot and shell,

Lives to hear how others tell
Of the deed he dared so well.
Not alone did Popham dare,
Royal Engineers! you share
In our Britain's praise and mead—
Mead of honour for the deed;
Did not Grant, your Captain, go,
Thro' the darkness beard the foe,
Grope his way from pier to pier,
Search the plug-holes there and here,
Snap the wires deep coiled in clay,
Cast the dynamite away;
Having done his service duly,
Creep back o'er thy bridge Bethulie,
Creep back, wily as a Boer,
Leaving arch and buttress sure,—
Bridge above the Orange River,
For our wagons—bridge for ever
Monument of those whose hand
Gave us entrance to the land,
Where a Freer State shall be
Home for life and liberty.

NOTE.—During the late afternoon and the evening of the previous day, however, one of those incidents of war which compensate for many distressing scenes, and are the gems in the diadem that crowns an enterprise compact of blood and mangled limbs, of blinded eyes, of wounds, and groans and tears, was witnessed at the waggon bridge.

When the Scouts and Cape Police arrived on the left bank

of the Orange River and the heels of a retreating, but not yet dispirited, foe, they found the bridge mined, the charges placed, detonators fixed, and an electric wire run some hundreds of yards into Free State territory. Only the connections between the charges and this wire had not yet been made. The Boers, with their ineffable motto, "Wait a bit," had apparently postponed this important operation in favour of an early cup of tea. Returning from this refreshment to the trenches, which, as well as the guns mounted on the kopjes to their rear, protected the bridge from the Free State side, they found that the Scouts, Police, and Mounted Infantry had occupied the farm opposite them at the colonial end of the bridge. Both sides opened fire, with the result that one man of the Police was killed and one man of the Royal Scots Mounted Infantry wounded. Nothing more was done on either side until two companies of the 1st Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters, under Major F. C. Shaw, arrived to hold the farm.

It was evident that the enemy awaited the coming of dusk to make the requisite connections and to demolish the bridge. A party of the Foresters crossed the bridge stealthily and removed the detonators, dragging the long wire slowly across the length of the bridge until they had it securely coiled on the hither bank. But on the further bank several boxes of dynamite were held in reserve by the Boers under the last span, in preparation for the failure of the more scientific demolition apparatus. These boxes it was necessary to secure if the waggon bridge was to be saved and the invasion of the Free State to become a matter of hours instead of days. Lieutenant R. S. Popham, with a party of three or four men of his company, adventured themselves cautiously on the bridge. The yellowish white paint on its sides seemed to render their khaki unobservable, and they gained the other side and swung themselves down beneath the bridge. The bandolier of the guard over the dynamite proved an absent sentry, and no alarm was raised. The trenches above the bank were, however, lined with Boers, and slowly and silently the boxes of dynamite were brought to the level of the waggon way. Lieutenant Popham, scouting towards the trenches to make sure that his return

would be unmolested, stepped in the gathering dusk on a Boer dog, whose howl raised the inevitable alarm. Hastily rejoining his men, who had brought up the last box of dynamite, they ran, carrying the explosives in their arms, across the bridge under a heavy fire from the Boer trenches. A single bullet would have sufficed to put the bridge and the plucky Foresters beyond reach of restoration, but the billets of these widely aimed Mausers were not meant for either Lieutenant Popham or his brave comrades. The explosive was safely lodged behind the farmhouse, and the Boers robbed of another chance of destroying the waggon bridge.

There was, however, yet one danger remaining. That was, that since the charges remained in the piers of the bridge, the Boers might attempt at daybreak to explode one of them by shell fire. To defeat such object the personal gallantry and professional knowledge of Captain P. G. Grant, R.E., recently appointed aide-de-camp to General Gatacre, were requisitioned. In the darkness Captain Grant crept across the bridge, descended the manholes made by the enemy in the process of preparing their proposed demolitions, and coolly dropped the charges one by one into the turbid waters of the river. And so the bridge has been saved, and remains to conduct us into alien territory to-morrow perhaps, or, at latest, on Friday.

Morning Post, 18 April, 1900.

A Brave Postmistress

VAN WYK'S VLEI, *March* 13

"I AM the mistress of the Post,
For Queen and country here I stand,
Some twenty letters at the most,
Pass daily thro' my hand.

"You claim my keys, you point your guns,
You—men—and I—but woman born,
Yet in my veins the true blood runs,
I laugh your threats to scorn.

"Ay, shoot me dead! and take the keys!
Here is my heart if shoot you must!
It is in moments such as these,
We feel our country's trust."

They saw the flashing of her eye,
There were the keys, they knew the cost;
For Britain still, at Van Wyk's Vlei,
A woman keeps the Post.

NOTE.—Miss Walton, the Postmistress at Van Wyk's Vlei, on being threatened with instant death by the rebel Boers unless she gave up the keys of her office, placed them in the bosom of her dress, and to the man who pointed his rifle at her, said: "Shoot me dead! then you can take the keys, not otherwise!" She succeeded eventually in escaping with the money and stamps, and even the Boers applauded her dauntless courage.

Piet Joubert Dead

PRETORIA, *March* 27, 1900

JOUBERT is dead! far off the whisper ran
"That man of rock, their mightiest, is laid low!
War-slain but not in war!"—and we who know
How battle brings the noblest to the van
But makes the churl more churlish—we who scan
His deeds who wrought our leaguered city woe,
Must mourn, to-day, an honourable foe,
A gallant soldier, knightly gentleman.

Albeit, from boyhood, in his Gallic blood
Worked hate of Britain, with the restless lure
The lust of empire and his land's increase—
Worked more the hatred of that serpent brood
Of State intrigue; a patriarchal Boer,
He feared no fighting tho' he longed for peace.

NOTE.—Sir George White, speaking at Capetown on the very day of the commandant s death, declared that "General Joubert was a soldier and a gentleman, and a brave and honourable opponent."



GEN. PIET JOUBERT.



Peale.

MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY

To Major E. J. Phipps-Hornby, V.C., of Battery "Q"

KOORN-SPRUIT, *March* 31, 1900

HORNBY, a name much honoured in the past,
More honoured in the future—seeing by you
Came glory to the whole of Battery "Q,"
For leaders make men heroes—not that fast
As lightning from the snare you turned, and massed
Your guns and proved the pluck your comrades knew,
Or later, like a lion the limbers drew
Back into shelter from the bullets' blast.

Not for such deed I praise where none can blame;
Rather for this, that when the summons came,
"Choose who shall wear the cross all men desire,"
You dared a younger gallant's breast to name,
You felt a younger gallant's heart aflame,
And fed it with self-sacrificing fire!

NOTE.—Lord Roberts decided that all the gunners of Battery "Q" behaved so well at Koorn-Spruit that their claims for the Victoria Cross should be treated as one of collective gallantry. Each class in the battery nominated one member to wear it. There were only two officers left unwounded, and each of them nominated the other. Major Phipps-Hornby as being the senior, received the Cross.

The Spring that cannot Cheer

Now April-tide is here! puce-purple are the mountains,
White clouds are over-leaning, blue skies are high above;
Now jubilant and clear, full-hearted flow the fountains,
The larches all are greening, and burrs and churrs the dove.

Now morning-tide is here! with what deep exultation,
Thro' treble of the thrushes, sings deep the merry merle,
Now snowdrops disappear, the golden crocus-nation
About the budding bushes, brings flame to give for pearl.

The noontide now is here! the celandine is shining,
In yonder grassy hollow the lambs leap up and play,

The swallow flickers near, and dreams not of repining,
He knows the sun will follow, he feels assured of May.

The eventide is here! the celandine is closing,
And once again with chorus the thickets round me sing,
Sleep mountains, sleeps the mere, and all the vale reposes,
The summer is before us, sleep on! and dream of spring!

Now battle-tide is here! blood-crimson are the flowers,
And bitter is the reaping, more bitter is the seed;
Spring comes, but cannot cheer these darkened homes of ours,
We think of those whose sleeping has left our hearts to bleed.

Wounded on Good Friday

April 13, 1900

WOUNDED he lay—a gallant child
Of far Australia's loyal wild—
With tongue shot thro', with riddled cheek,
And broken jaw, for anguish weak,
And very purple was the ground
Beneath his shattered body's wound.
A stock-boy, oft-times had he come
With lips black-baked and blistered home,
Yet ne'er had known of pain that worst
The wounded feel—fierce battle-thirst;
Now fevered, agonised, he felt
The sorrow of the pitiless veldt,
And prayed beneath the Afric noon
For death's unutterable boon.
There as he lay, upon the sand
He traced these words with dying hand:
"For Christ's sake, water!" Swift there came
Remembrance golden as a flame
Of One Who is The Living Well
For all—as the Apostles tell;

And sudden o'er the sun a cloud
Grew, and he mingled with a crowd
And heard a voice from Heaven that cried:
"I thirst," and knew The Crucified.
Thereat he felt he too might dare,
Even in his death that thirst to share,
And prayed: "Oh Jesu, I have given
All, and would follow Thee to Heaven."
Even, as he prayed, an angel said:
"The Cross is thine! be not afraid!"
Then led him to the water's brink,
And bade him humbly stoop and drink;
His thirst was quenched, light filled his eyes,
And he was glad in Paradise.

But we who sought his body, found
His life's blood poured upon the ground,
And written by his dying hand—
"For Christ's sake, water!"—on the sand.

Light in the Darkness

In honour of Captain E. B. Towse

MOUNT THABA, *April* 30, 1900

WHEN to your twelve good Gordons on the hill
 Twelve times the number of the foe drew near,
 Your eyes, so soon to feel eclipse, saw clear,
Your soul had sight, and your impetuous will
Knew that beyond all power of death to kill
 Stood the undying heart that cannot fear,
 You heard the nation calling, in your ear
Stern duty like a clarion seemed to thrill.

Now, as your fingers feel Victoria's Cross,
 A ray of light thro' bitter dark will run,
 Not ever more to see your home-land green;
Yet are you brave to bear man's greatest loss,
 Loss of man's gladness to behold the sun,
 In service of your country and your Queen.

NOTE.—Captain Ewart Beckwith Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders, who had been mentioned in despatches for



Bourne & Shepherd, India.

MAJOR TOWSE, V.C

several acts of gallantry in the war, won the Victoria Cross for having with twelve men held Mount Thaba against 150 Boers. The *Gazette* notice of his daring achievement runs as follows: "On April 30, 1900, Captain Towse with twelve men took up a position on the top of Mount Thaba, far away from support. A force of about 150 Boers attempted to seize the same plateau, neither party appearing to see the other until they were but 100 yards apart. Some of the Boers then got within 40 yards of Captain Towse and his party and called on him to surrender. He at once caused his men to open fire and remained firing himself until severely wounded (both eyes shattered), and succeeded in driving off the Boers. The gallantry of this officer in vigorously attacking the enemy (for he not only fired but charged forward) saved the situation, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Boers."

A Border Lament

BRAVE Borderer boy, he shall not see again
These gay green squadrons of the Penrith larch
Stand massed to watch along our Eden plain
The spring-tide banners march.

Nor e'er behold on Skiddaw and Crosfell
The snowdrifts melt to lilac and to grey,
Nor hear once more the garrulous cuckoo tell
That now has come the May.

On Carlisle's wall, at dawn or day's decline,
The castle—left so proudly—gleams rose-red,
But Carlisle's wall for other eyes must shine—
The Borderer boy lies dead.

The winds of hate are loud upon the veldt,
Sleep, Borderer, sleep! Beneath the ground is peace!
And, ah, if Boer and British mothers felt
What I feel, war would cease.



Ellis & Walery

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

To Colonel, now General Baden-Powell

MAFEKING, *May* 16, 1900

STOUT heart! defender!
How shall we tender
Thanks, and how render
Homage sincere!
You, in sore plight for us,
You, who made fight for us,
You, who kept bright for us
All we hold dear!

You, who unquailing
Faced all assailing,
With wits unfailing,
Met lure with lure.
Courage unquenchable,
Purpose unwrenchable,
With mound and trench able
Still to endure.

From shelter creeping,
Tireless watch keeping,
You, the unsleeping,
Woke while we slept.
Cheered the uncheery ones,
Healed the wound-weary ones,
Helped the heart-dreary ones,
Safe the town kept.

Fate unremorseful
Frowned, but resourceful,
Splendidly forceful,
You stood at bay.
Full—you made fight of it,
Starved—you made light of it,
Unsuccoured—spite of it,
Laughed Death away.

You so far sundered,
Tho' their guns thundered,
While a world wondered,
Stuck to your plan.
Now from your prison free,
Lead forth to liberty,
And let the nation see
Her bravest man.

In the Grave-Yard at Mafeking

May 18, 1900

BUGLES blow "the last post" o'er them!
Rifles fire your last salute!
Dumbly to the grave we bore them,
All our guns perforce were mute.

Gallants of the good eight-hundred,
With a ten-mile fence to keep—
Never from our memories sundered
Tho' the seas divide us—sleep!

Comrades sleep! Far hence the story
Of your loyal love shall ring,
Dying you found deathless glory—
You defended Mafeking!

NOTE.—A military parade was held on 18th May, 1900, in the little walled burial ground at Mafeking, at which the "last post" was sounded, and volleys were fired above the graves of the dead. General Baden-Powell said:—"We have been unable to fire volleys over those who have fallen during the siege, for fear of drawing the enemy's fire. We come to-day to pay the last military honours to the dead, and to say farewell to our comrades who so bravely helped us in the defence of Mafeking."

The Dying Charger

A plea for the extension of the benefits of the Geneva Convention to wounded horses on the battlefield

"HERE long unhelped and helpless have I lain,
In agony that quite forbids me swoon;
Thro' the cold night's intolerable pain,
Thro' thirst and torture of the burning noon.

Shot in the spine, I cannot move nor rise,
Dumb, shattered jaws are filled with blood and sand,
And fettered by a girth that none unties,
My poor swoll'n body feels the tightening band.

I have no God to pray to,—He, the man
Who was to me as God, reeled back stone dead;
I fell when charging foremost in the van,
My comrades passed me like a whirlwind fled.

At early dawn, a cock-crow from afar,
With momentary solace seemed to come;
For I remembered fields unplagued by war—
Those pleasant pastures of my native home.

The cock-crow ceased, but voice to voice replied,
 Voices of unimaginable woe,
And here a brother raised his neck and cried,
 There pawed the pitiless earth in dying throe;

I could not die." Ah friends, with tender heart,
 Think of the horse, that wounded and in fear,
Lies still undying in his long death-smart,
 And only asks a ball behind the ear.

Shall not the Christ, Who came with Saviour hands
 To bid the travail of creation cease;
Send forth to fields of war His Red-Cross bands,
 And give the dying charger painless peace?

The Gallant Earl of Airlie

MIDDELBURG ROAD, *June* 11, 1900

THERE is sorrow down at Airlie, the bonnie house of Airlie,
There is weeping in the Castle Hall and round the country side;
For the gallant Earl of Airlie, who lived his life so fairly,
Has fall'n face forward to the foe, and like a soldier died.

Oh it's we, the folk of Airlie, who shall miss our laird so sairly,
The Earl was gentle of his heart, and generous was his hand;
When corn was down at Airlie and the table furnished sparely,
He seemed to put our human life above the rent of land.

His sword-arm mended barely he might have rested, Airlie,
He might have sailed across the sea to heal him of his sore;

But the gentle Lady Airlie she tended him so rarely
That she set him in the saddle for his Queen and cause once more.

God answered and not sparely your own prayer, noble Airlie!
As you charged before your lancers with their pennons and their pride;
For the bullet met you squarely and pierced your brave heart fairly,
And your soul went riding forward and you knew not you had died.

NOTE.—In his despatch dated Kroonstad, Tuesday, June 13, Lord Roberts writes:—"Our losses yesterday were not, I trust, serious, but I deplore the death of that gallant soldier the Earl of Airlie." Lord Airlie was as good a landlord as Forfarshire has known, and as gallant an officer as ever led the 12th Lancers. He served in the Nile expedition—when he was twice wounded—and in the Afghan campaign with distinction. He was twice mentioned with honour when as Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the 12th Lancers he fought under Lord Methuen at the Modder River. In the beginning of May he was wounded in the elbow at Brandfort. He was nursed by Laby Airlie at Bloemfontein, and insisted on going back to his command even before he had quite recovered from the effects of his wound. In riding at the head of his men during the attack on Botha's strong position, the brave Earl fell, shot through the heart.

Dead for Joy

SOUTHAMPTON WATER, *June* 19, 1900

HE was a gunner in Battery "A,"
 He drank of the donga's pool accurst,
Sickened slowly the usual way—
 Taste in the mouth and a terrible thirst.

And there as he lay in his drowse and his pain,
 He babbled of woods in the old home-land,
Of a girl he had left in a Hampshire lane,
 With the rose in her bosom, the fern in her hand

Then he moaned and muttered of waterless ways,
 Of thorns in the scrub, of the earth's hot crust,
Of hills ever looming in burning haze,
 Of leaves like tinder and flowers like dust.

But he said, "I'll see the whole thing thro',
 For Battery 'A' and 'Bobs' and the Queen,

For I know there's a heart that is waiting true
In a Hampshire village where leaves are green."

At times he would offer the nurse a rose
Just plucked from the hedge, all dewy and cool;
He would say, "When a boy I was mad for those,
Could scarce for the sight of them get to school."

Then he woke from his weeks of the long wild dream,
And smiled and said, "Shall I ever see
The willows down by the Hampshire stream,
And the girl I left who is waiting for me?"

We nursed him thro', and we put him aboard—
A scarecrow skeleton—weak and ill,
And life came back; home-love was stored
Too deep in his being for death to kill.

We sailed thro' the heat of the tropic seas,
We passed the Rock and we crossed the Bay,
The easiest man in the world to please
Was that home-going gunner of Battery "A."

Like ships full-sail from the Channel rise
The stately Needles; on either hand
The green woods under the Junetide skies
Slope and gleam to the Solent strand.

"Now, God be thanked that I see it again,
This dear old land of my heart!" he said,
And for joy of the thought of the lass and the lane
And the Hampshire forest, the man fell dead.

NOTE.—I am indebted for the fact on which this ballad is based to Mrs. Bagot, of Levens, who was returning from her brave work with the Portland Camp Hospital on board the "Dilwara." The poor fellow, who died as the ship entered the Solent, was a convalescent from enteric fever. His heart had been affected by it, and it is believed the shock of joy at his home-coming killed him. Those who read her interesting book, "Shadows of the War," will find the account of poor Weston's death in the last paragraph of the last chapter.

To the C.I.V.—Greeting!

Oct. 27, 1900

WE give you greeting, City Volunteers!
You with your war-stained dress and faces brown!
The Mother proudly claims to-day her own,
The bells go mad, the streets are hoarse with cheers;
King Alfred with a goodly thousand years
Of gratitude for London's safe-kept town
Draws near; and great Elizabeth looks down
Fresh come from Tilbury with her halberdiers.

For you are sons of those who set the wall
Round Little London—those who sallied forth
When Britain trembled at the Spaniard's rage;
You heard above your clamorous life a call—
Your kindred South-land to the North,
And went to prove your heart's true heritage.

A City's Welcome to her Volunteers

Oct. 27, 1900

CITY Imperial Volunteers!
You who have heard your country's call,
To-day you shall hear your city's cheers
From the Marble Arch to the old Guild Hall.

City Imperial Volunteers!
You went with prayer from beneath the dome,
And to-day the echoing gallery hears
The sound of your praise from the hearts come home.

City Imperial Volunteers!
Not all shall kneel where they one time knelt,
Some lie where never may fall our tears,
At peace from war in the lonely veldt.

But City Imperial Volunteers,
Tho' debts are owing that grief must pay,
The city where Wellington rests, where rears
The pillar of Nelson, is glad to-day.

For City Imperial Volunteers,
When hearts like yours will answer at need,
Our London city can have no fears
That her sons are false to the ancient breed.

A Brave Trumpeter

HARRISON'S battery! Rietfontein!
The Boers about us as thick as bees,
Our guns coming up to the firing line
In style that a general's heart would please!

And the major rode with me at his side
To make survey and to choose the ground,
My bugle called, and the whips were plied,
And the guns came thundering up to the sound.

Then the major leapt from the saddle and flung
The rein, and I led his horse away;
The shells screamed over, the shrapnel sung,
As down to the donga I took the grey.

There by the charger as I stood
It seemed the battle would ne'er be won,
A bullet smote me—I saw the blood—
I stanched the wound, and I waited on.

In pain I waited. My mother's face
Came clear, and I muttered "It's hard to die!"
And even the charger guessed my case
And gave me pity with silent eye.

But I heard a bugle peal from the height,
And I knew that the guns must forward go,
So I climbed to the saddle in sorry plight,
And swifter my life-blood seemed to flow.

I slacked the rein and put spur to steed,
My strength was ebbing so fast away,
Who else could bring to the major's need
My bugle's call and his gallant grey?

Then a voice in the mist spake cheer to me,
Thro' rifle's rattle and cannon's roar;
I felt the major's hand on my knee,
And I reeled from the saddle and knew no more.

NOTE.—At Rietfontein, a bugler in charge of his major's horse was wounded early in the fight, but stuck to his post, and when the advance was made brought up the charger from shelter to his commanding officer. The major noticed the boy was looking deathly pale, and asked what was the matter. "Don't mind me, sir, but I am shot through the body—that is all," replied the bugler, and saying this he swooned away.

A Gallant Engine Driver

AH! yes, men feel the joy of fight
 When sword meets sword, spears clash with spear,
But when no foeman seems in sight
 And only bullets whistle near
It takes a dauntless heart to go
On and still on against the foe.

But braver is his heart at need,
 Who quite unarmed, unclad in mail,
Beneath his white-plumed wings of speed
 Will dare the foeman-haunted rail,
And with life's burden at his back
Will thunder down Death's treacherous track.

There is no curve upon the line
 But hides—for all we know—our fate,
There is no bridge but we divine
 Some swift destruction lies in wait,
Rails up! a crash! stopped dead! and shrill
Boer bullets sing from out the hill.

I drove the train Vaal-river way
 Thro' many a shower of death we passed,
Let shot-bruised tank and boiler say
 How sure the marksman's aim was cast,
But still, at Queen and Country's call
We kept the road, we drove thro' all.

I had a comrade staunch and true:
 He stoked and laughed at shot and shell,
A rifle-ball his heart went thro',
 Dead at his post the fireman fell,
I urged the engine's fiercest pace
And looked the dead man in the face.

Then as the furnace-rake I plied,
 One arm was hit, bones split in twain,
The other helpless at my side
 Hung smitten; sick from shock and pain
With both arms broken—drenched in blood
Above my fallen mate I stood.

But I remembered Britain's Queen:
 My teeth were sound, my jaw was strong,
I took the lever teeth between,
 And so half-stunned we flashed along
Till far beyond the foe we won
The straight that leads to Standerton.

I know not how from fast to slow
I moved the brakes and driving gear,
The docile engine seemed to know
That Standerton we sought was near,
This mouth of mine perchance can tell;
We stopped—and into swoon I fell.

NOTE.—A driver and his stoker were bringing a train of supplies from Johannesburg to Standerton when the train was sniped by the Boers. The stoker fell shot through the heart, and the driver received a wound in the shoulder and both arms were broken. Nothing daunted, he took hold of the handle of his driving-gear with his mouth, and managed to bring his train to a standstill in Standerton Station. As the engine stopped he swooned away.



Lassell & Sons

PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

At a Soldier-Prince's Funeral

PRETORIA, *Nov.* 1, 1900

DRAW near and weep—Our Empress tried and
brave
Weeps for her gallant prince who parting said,
"Friends, if for Queen and country I fall dead,
Be mine a simple soldier's rest to have!"
Draw near and weep—far off beyond the wave
The bugle sounds! the rifle throats have sped
Their last farewell above him! Bow the head,
Comrade in arms he shares a comrade's grave.

We leave him—but our eyes are blind for mist,
His eyes are bright, he wears th' immortal wreath,
Seeing he gave for land and Queen his life:
So selfless! such a soldier in the strife!
True Christian Victor—victor through the Christ
And conqueror of the conqueror men call Death.

To Sir Redvers Buller

A WELCOME HOME

Nov. 9, 1900

WHEN Buller passed away
From Lydenburg that day,
 The Rifles and the Gordons and the Devons,
 how they cheered!
But the General spoke no word
As with hand upon his sword
 Through the thunder of his thousands the river
 bridge he neared.

For silent as he rode
Full in front the Tugela flowed
 All the air was loud with shrapnel, all the kopjes
 fierce with flame,
And beyond those hills of fate
Cried Great Britain—"Be not late!"
 While back towards Colenso his baffled warriors
 came.

Grave and solemn as he passed
From the battle-land at last,
He bethought him of the gallants who should nevermore be seen,
Men who followed to the death
Men who gave their latest breath
To cheer and charge for Buller and their country and their Queen.

But Buller lands to-day
And the stern look melts away,
He is coming home to Devon and her heart that thrills with pride,
To think he shewed us still
How the dogged British will
When the desperate venture summons, faces all nor turns aside.

Dauntless heart that never quailed!
Mouth so bold to say "I failed!"
Mind so swift to make the failure win the future that should be,
Lo, we press towards the strand,
Take our General by the hand,
He who fought his way to Ladysmith and set our kinsmen free.

The Son Who Lives To-day

WHEN the new century comes and we shall reap
The sorrow that this century's hand has sown,
When men shall speak of how they lost their own—
Men now too proud to groan but in their sleep,
Then shall one father's heart with memory leap
—So brave, so glad, it seems he scarce had known
The news from veldt and battle-kopje flown
To tell a soldier's grave his boy must keep.

For this man's son, tho' many sons were brave,
Was bravest—poured his life the noblest way,
Saw the gun flash, yea, saw the murderous ball,
And, greatly daring, his own body gave
That so at least his General should not fall.
Died!—but his father feels he lives to-day.

NOTE.—General Broadwood's life was saved by the gallant act of a devoted soldier, who, seeing him in imminent peril, dashed forward and received the ball in his own body.

To the Dhoolie Men

BRAVE Dhoolie men, with your dark pathetic faces,
Britain had none more helpful in her need,
One in your will, tho' born of alien races,
One in your loyalty, tho' sundered in your creed.

Fight? Cowards fight when the battle rages round them!
Dare? Cravens dare when the blood is leaping warm!
You sought the lost, in the thickest fight you found them,
Tender, deliberate, bore them out of harm.

Calm kindly East o'er the wounded West down-bending
Swordless you moved o'er the fields of death and fear,
Brave Dhoolie men for your courage and your tending
Empire and Empress now send you thanks sincere.

To Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of H. M. Forces in South Africa

December, 1900

KITCHENER! you of the resolute face,
The soldier heart and the lion will,
You were the man who forced the pace
Till the foe and his waggons and guns stood still.

Yours were the eyes that still foresaw,
From base to the front our safety planned,
Scorned drift—bridge broken—and culvert's flaw,
And fed our host in a hungry land.

Kitchener! you of the iron smile,
The presence felt but the hand unseen,
You won our trust by the banks of Nile,
We trust you now for God and the Queen.



GEN. LORD KITCHENER.

To De Wet

SPRINGHAAN NEK, *December* 12

WHEN, with your men in loose order, you galloped for life
Up thro' the pass, by the fury of Britain beset,
Did not we crown you a king of the desperate strife,
And call you the gallant De Wet?

You with the eye of an eagle to pounce on your prey,
You with the heart of a bullock at donga and ford;
Stubborn is Botha, and dauntless of will Delarey,
But you in your swiftness are lord.

Passionate lover of freedom, revengeful, and true—
True to the oath when your farm-steading vanished in flame;
Hofer—Red-shirt Garibaldi—are gazing at you:
We are foes, but we honour your name.

NOTE.—A correspondent with General Knox's force relates that De Wet was followed through all his windings with relentless pertinacity, and at last he seemed to be cornered. Then he executed the most daring movement of the whole war. Sending the Hassbrock commando to make a feint on Victoria Nek, he carried the whole of his force through the

Springhaan Nek, notwithstanding that it was dominated by a series of British forts. Our guns and rifles immediately opened fire, and the discharge was incessant. The Boers first mounted the pass to the east, but encountering the fire of Thorneycroft's artillery, galloped along the foot of the hill on the western side, where the fire of only one post was effective. It was a piece of magnificent daring, and its success was complete, notwithstanding the loss of a 15-pounder gun.

It is right to say that this poem was written before De Wet had—if the report is correct—tarnished his name, by flogging and then shooting the Peace Envoys.

To Paul Kruger

AT MARSEILLES

KRUGER! when first to Europe's shore you came
To fan in rage against us smouldering hate,
Even then our hearts not uncompassionate
Felt for a heart no years, no troubles, tame.
There burned the inextinguishable flame,
The pride of race that made our fathers great,
The lust of power that drove you to your fate
And left your sorrowful shadow but a name.

But when we heard you, knowing truth, belie
All that you knew of that true knightly way
Wherein the conquerors cared for her—your wife,
Honour, we cried, must end such tyranny,
And Truth more stern than this "barbarian" strife
Foredooms your dream of empire to decay.

NOTE.—Whatever sympathy might have been felt for an old man, discrowned of hope and a fugitive from his country, when Kruger landed at Marseilles, was ended by his passionate denunciation of the British as a nation of savages, and of the British Army as guilty of the worst of barbarities. The British nation—though there are many who look upon all war methods as barbarous—believes the testimony of Lord Roberts as to the behaviour of its army in the field, and naturally resents the aspersions of the man whose wife is at the present time attended by a guard of honour of British soldiers in Pretoria.

To Sir Alfred Milner

THO' men who love their party more than life
 Rail at you, you whose honour was increased
 By Isis, in the West and in the East,
I know your truth is keener than the knife
Of calumny—Tho' traitorous words are rife,
 And veiled sedition works unseen as yeast,
 I feel your justice done to great and least
Shall yet prevail to heal this bitter strife.

For I remember in our Balliol days,
 Old for your time and serious for your years
 What manly soul you showed us in debate,
 And I have faith that even the men who hate
 Shall own the silent will, that perseveres,
Sought right in utter carelessness of praise.



SIR A. MILNER.

Elliott & Fry.

The Choir Invisible

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1900

ALL down the valley Crosthwaite bells are ringing
And Skiddaw sends us back the joyous tone,
How can our hearts not think of those who gone
Return not home to join our Christmas singing?
—Brave boys whose blood so full of hope was springing
—Strong men, so sure when duty must be done,
In silent graves and terribly alone
Their bodies lie, where bells no news are bringing.

But, though no shepherds watch on yonder veldt,
— Void now of sheep and void of men who till,
To-day our hero sons aroused from sleep
Come singing to our side. Their souls have felt
What meant those angels over Bethlehem's steep,
Who sang "God's peace to men of Godlike will.'

Retrospect

BRITAIN! forget this lamentable year;
Fold hands, and turn a little while to sleep!
Forget? Nay friends, the wound is far too deep,
Seeing in peasant home and hall of peer
Sorrow with pride sits silent, and our cheer
Makes counterfeit of gladness—while we keep
The feast in weeds of woe, and some eyes weep,
And some hearts break because there is no tear.

Rather remember how war's horror and shame
Preached peace upon far mountains—how in might
The greater land's great courage, like a flame,
Rose up, and put all littleness to flight;
And how the grey old mother's children came
To pour their blood for liberty and right.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

Hughes & Mullins.

To the Queen

Jan. 22, 1901

NOW art thou gone unto the happier places
Where only Peace and Brotherhood may reign,
And there shall greet thee men upon whose faces
There is no look of battle or of pain.

And these shall say how loyally they fought for
How gladly poured on earth life's crimson tide
For thee the great of heart who cared and thought for
The humblest marching-man who dared and died.

Queen of all queens! whose motherhood united
Thy sons in patriotic bond where'er they be,
With that glad host in heaven our souls are plighted
To keep the oath they kept for thine and thee.

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